

ÉDITION DE LUXE.

No. 1,041

NOVEMBER 9, 1889

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



# THE GRAPMIC

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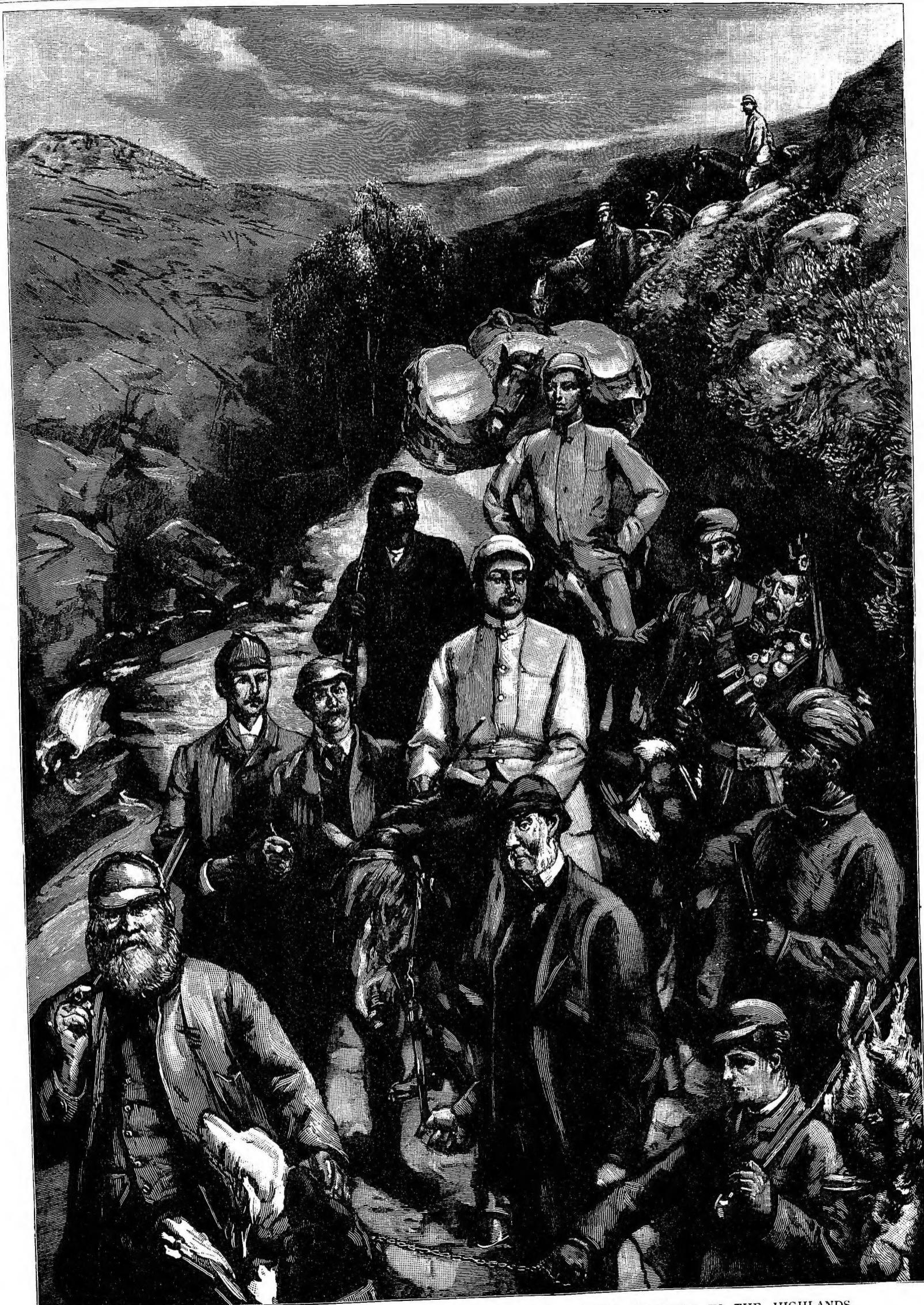
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1889

WITH  
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
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INDIA IN SCOTLAND—AN INDIAN PRINCE RETURNING FROM A DAY'S SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS

## THE GRAPHIC



**THE PONSONBY ESTATE.**—The first meeting of the Tenants' Defence League has been held at Cork, and an appeal has been made to Irish tenant-farmers to subscribe a sum of not less than threepence in the pound on the rateable value of their holdings in furtherance of the objects of this organisation. The immediate object of the League is to prevent any compromise being arranged between Mr. Ponsonby and his tenants, except on such terms as will meet with the approval of the originators of the League. Mr. Ponsonby and his friends reject these terms, not so much on account of the amount of money in dispute, but because they feel that a surrender of this kind on the Ponsonby Estate will lead to similar demands in other quarters. In fact, their present resolution is not to surrender to the Plan of Campaign, and it is this resolution which is denounced by the Leaguers as "a landlord conspiracy," to counteract which the Tenants' League has been organised. It is not worth while here to discuss why landlords should be stigmatised as "conspirators" for combining together in defence of their own interests in the same way that tenants, by means of the Plan of Campaign, have combined for some years past. But it is worth while asking whether the tenant-farmers of Ireland generally are likely to regard the Ponsonby tenants as such objects of pity as to help them by paying the onerous contributions now demanded. In this matter, as is usual in Ireland, two hopelessly contradictory statements are put forth. According to Canon Keller, the Ponsonby tenants are rack-rented, and unable to pay from the failure of successive harvests. The landlord's statement, however, which goes far more into detail, gives quite a different aspect of affairs. From this it would appear that the estate, which consists of excellent land, close to good markets, has been held by Mr. Ponsonby for about twenty-two years. He has always been reckoned a liberal landlord, has spent £15,000 in drainage and other improvements, and till recently had so little trouble with his tenants that only one-tenth of them went into Court under the Land Act of 1881 to get their rents judicially lowered. Recently, however, serious trouble has arisen, and Mr. Ponsonby has practically received no rent for four years past. A perusal of the evidence will convince most fair-minded persons that these difficulties are due rather to the persistent efforts of outside agitators than to genuine grievances.

**AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.**—It seems probable that the question of Australian Federation is at last about to receive in Australia something like serious and adequate attention. General Edwardes lately recommended that the Australian colonies should take measures for their common defence. To Mr. Gillies, the Premier of Victoria, it seemed that this might be done through the existing Federal Council. Sir Henry Parkes, however, in an able despatch, has shown that it is doubtful whether the Federal Council possesses the necessary powers, and that, in any case, New South Wales is not disposed to test the merits of this way of solving the problem. His idea is that the united colonies should have a regular Parliament, consisting of a Senate and a House of Commons, with a Governor-General and an Australian Privy Council; and he suggests that there should be a National Convention for the purpose of taking some such scheme into consideration. It is to be hoped that his proposal will be accepted. No doubt, if the Convention met, it would have an extremely difficult piece of work in hand. The movement for Federation is hampered by all sorts of jealousies, and it would be hard to strike a balance between the conflicting claims of the various rival communities. The obstacles in the way would not be less formidable than those which delayed the formation of the Dominion of Canada, which does not even yet include Newfoundland. But the difficulties are not insuperable, and, if they were finally overcome, each of the parties to the new scheme would be well rewarded for any sacrifices it might have to make. Local affairs would continue to be regulated exactly as they are regulated at present; but all common interests, including those relating to defence, would for the first time be placed on a thoroughly satisfactory basis. The question of Imperial Federation would also have a chance of being brought within the range of practical politics. Whether the British Empire is ever to have a Federal Constitution it is impossible as yet to foresee; but it is certain that the idea cannot be realised until the example set in Canada is followed in Australia and South Africa.

**THE RETREAT FROM WADELAI.**—Meagre as are the details of Mr. Stanley's latest achievement, they suffice to show that, but for him, Emin Pasha and the remains of the Wadelai garrison would have been massacred. After all, therefore, the British relief expedition fulfilled its purpose, in spite of the gloomy prophecies of failure which made themselves heard from time to time. Wadelai appears to have fallen, as Khartoum did, by treachery, and Emin Pasha would doubtless have received the same fate as Gordon

had the start of the relief expedition been delayed as that of the Nile expedition was. There is further parallelism between the two cases, in the suddenness with which the long-tried loyalty of the garrison succumbed at last. As Wadelai never could have been of any value to Egypt after the abandonment of the Soudan, there is little to deplore in its having fallen into the hands of the Mahdists. Entirely cut off from assistance, it was bound to pass into their possession sooner or later. From that point of view, the mutiny and desertion of the garrison had some advantage. Emin Pasha was firmly resolved never to budge foot in retreat unless every soul under his charge could accompany him. The total number, including women and children, was about 8,000, and Mr. Stanley made little secret of his conviction that to bring away such a multitude of helpless creatures would be well-nigh impossible. Affairs thus seemed to have arrived at an *impasse*, the one declaring that he would not avail himself of the other's succour except on utterly impracticable conditions. But when nine-tenths of the garrison made friends with the Mahdists, Emin Pasha was released from his vow to bring them away, while Mr. Stanley may have reflected, in his grim way, that safeguarding 800 people to the coast would be a far easier task than protecting and feeding 8,000. There are, of course, serious perils still to be overcome before the retreating force reaches the comparative safety of the German Company's territory. But after what has already been accomplished, it would be heresy to doubt that within two or three months Mr. Stanley will emerge on the East coast, bringing with him the rescued hero of Wadelai.

**MORE WAGES DISPUTES.**—The agitation begun by the casual dockers some two months ago has gradually spread all over the country, and has affected all kinds of industries. Mr. John Burns and his friends are confident that a new era of prosperity has begun for labouring folk. We are unable to feel so sanguine, for, in a crowded country like this, the competition for unskilled employment will always be severe, especially as there are thousands of improvident persons whose pressing necessities help to pull down the price of labour. The lightermen, of course, stand in a different position. They appear to be an exceptionally well-paid body of men, but their avocation involves considerable exposure and risk of life, especially during the foggy months of winter. These last words throw some light on their insistence that each night-job shall be paid for separately, which at first seems such an indefensible demand. Their contention is that, if night work is payable as one continuous spell of employment, the masters would crowd three or four jobs into one night, because the river is less crowded then than by day; and, moreover, that during the hours of mist and darkness the men run considerable risk in navigating their vessels. Only the week before last six lightermen were drowned. There is some reason in all this; nevertheless, we counsel the men to be moderate in their demands, less they should kill the golden goose for the sake of getting the eggs. Capital is easily frightened; and a continuance of the anxiety and inconvenience of the last few weeks might cause a general shift of business to Hamburg and Antwerp. The Port of London might cease to be a port except in name, and where would the lightermen then be?

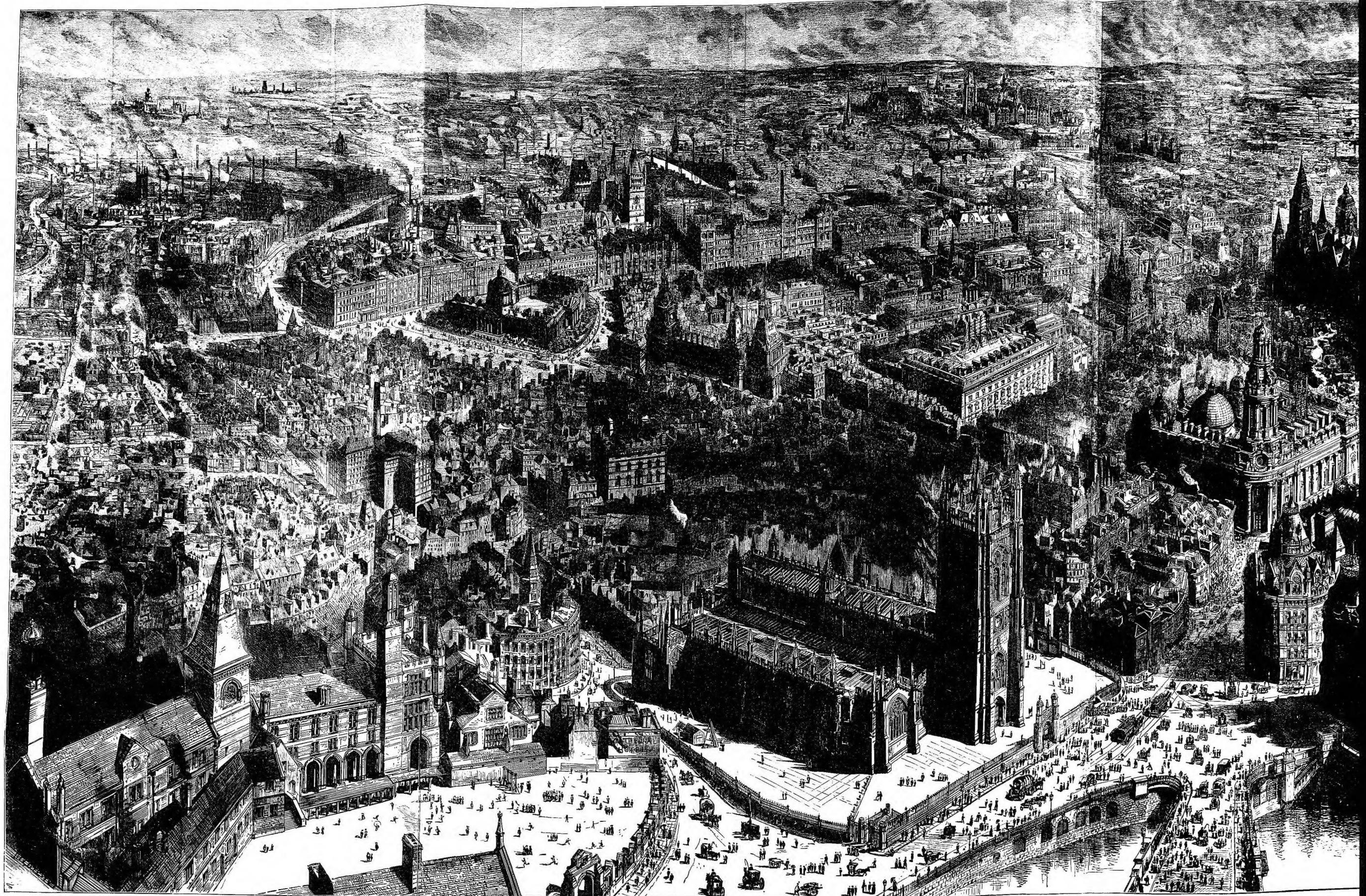
**MR. LABOUCHERE.**—For some time after he entered public life Mr. Labouchere was not taken seriously by any class of politicians. He was supposed to be a kind of miniature Talleyrand, witty and clever, but hopelessly cynical. There are signs that this view of his character is being gradually abandoned. Cynical in a certain sense he undoubtedly is, for he invariably attributes to his opponents the basest motives from which their actions can be supposed to have sprung. But there is no evidence that he is cynical in the sense of being indifferent to the side he supports. From the beginning of his career as a politician he has always been saying essentially the same things as he is saying now. Even about Home Rule he has been consistent, and we do not remember that he has ever contradicted himself in his treatment of the questions connected with the land, the Church, education, finance, and the other subjects about which parties are divided. Insincerity in politics, as in other things, generally betrays itself; and we know of no way in which Mr. Labouchere can be truly said to have shown himself insincere. This by no means proves, however, that he is likely to become a great power in the political world. He lacks almost all the qualities that are necessary to make a man a leader of his fellows. His speeches are shrewd and amusing, but he never utters a word that appeals to the imagination or that awakens generous feeling. He is content if he succeeds in raising a laugh at the expense of those who do not agree with him, or in suggesting to his hearers that all their needs may be met by a scheme of materialistic Radicalism. In no country has the Democracy ever been deeply moved by such an influence as this, and we may doubt whether the Democracy in England will be an exception to the general rule.

**CAPE COLONY'S PROGRAMME.**—The speech just delivered at Kimberley by Sir Gordon Sprigg marks with very clear lines the difference between the policy of Cape Colony and that of England as representing the Empire at large. Swelling with the importance which not unusually accom-

panies new riches, the Colony regards South Africa as hers by divine right. Therefore, the question of surrendering Swaziland to the Transvaal presents no other aspect to her mind than the chance of making a good bargain. Sir Gordon Sprigg, whose views may be accepted as typical, frankly declared that in his opinion the best arrangement would be to hand over Swaziland to the Boers. Only on condition, railway extension from the Cape frontier to the Vaal River; and, furthermore, that the Boers scrupulously refrained from trespassing beyond their western boundary. The object sought by these governing conditions is to secure to the Cape Colony absolute and undivided control over the great northern trading route. By acquiring that command, the Cape Government hopes to monopolise the trade from the western part of the territories about to be developed by the South African Company. All this intrigue is natural enough, if rather mean, nor would any one raise objection, but for the heavy price to be paid. Swaziland may count for nothing in the eyes of the Cape people, but it has high value from an Imperial standpoint. Were it surrendered to the Boers, they would be in a position to prevent any railway from approaching the gold fields from the east coast, except the Delagoa line, and that is already under their control. The surrender would, therefore, be to the advantage of Cape Colony, but to the disadvantage of the mother country, the former taking all the halfpence, so to speak, and the latter getting all the kicks. Some more equitable arrangement must be devised; dull-witted though he may be in such matters, John Bull likes to get something for himself when it comes to a swap.

**CRETE.**—For weeks past a succession of highly-coloured telegrams, emanating from Athens, as a rule, rather than from Crete itself, have been published in this country, describing the atrocities committed by the Ottoman troops employed under the Governor, Chakir Pasha. These telegrams have been eagerly commented on by our Radical journalists, as proofs of the inherent ferocity of "the unspeakable Turk;" and it is quite possible that these fair-minded gentlemen will pooh-pooh the despatches of the British Consul in Crete, M. Biliotti, as being manufactured in order to excuse Lord Salisbury from remonstrating with the Sublime Porte. Most sensible persons, however, will admit that these documents bear the impress of truth and impartiality. They are, at all events, the productions of a well-known and responsible official, who travelled all over the island to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, and who does not hesitate to censure the conduct of the Turkish soldiery where he felt that such censure was deserved. Surely he is more worthy of belief than anonymous and unknown correspondents, who seem to have been dependent on rumour for their information, and who quite possibly never set foot in Crete. The most salient points in M. Biliotti's despatches may be summed up thus: Most of the fighting and destruction occurred before Chakir Pasha's arrival; the conduct of the Governor has been uniformly humane; and the alleged atrocities, on examination, shrink, for the most part, to small dimensions. Nor should it be forgotten that Crete is not a province despotically governed from Turkey; it is a Home Rule island, and, as we ventured to point out months ago (we are glad to see Mr. Goschen takes the same view), its recent history affords some valuable lessons to those who desire to confer a similar boon on Ireland.

**CHILDREN'S DINNERS.**—We hope a great many of our readers have studied the report of the meeting held the other day at the offices of the London School Board for the purpose of organising relief to poor London children at elementary schools. At that meeting it was brought out that forty-three thousand, or more than twelve per cent., of the children in Board Schools are habitually in want of food at the time when they leave their "homes" for school in the morning. Some provision is made by charitable agencies for a certain proportion of these unfortunate young creatures, but for about twenty-five thousand of them nothing whatever is done. These figures are more pathetically eloquent than any amount of fine writing could be, and the moral is so plain that it can be missed by none. As Sir William Hart Dyke said at the meeting, it is "barbarous to torture the brains of a foodless child," and it is also utterly useless, since hunger renders it impossible for either a child or an adult to have the faculty of attention under command. Some authorities are of opinion that food ought to be provided at the expense of the ratepayers, but there are many serious objections to this proposal. What is wanted is that the voluntary agencies already at work should be properly organised, and, as an influential committee was appointed by the meeting at the School Board offices to take steps in this direction, we may hope that the desired end will soon be attained. The new central organisation will, we need scarcely say, have no easy task to fulfil; but it will be directed by prudent men and women, skilled in work of this kind, and there can be little doubt that if they are generously supported their efforts will be attended by a large amount of success. A better "cause" was never submitted to the public, and we may confidently anticipate that there will be a hearty response to any appeal which may be made on its behalf.



DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER

## A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF

MANCHE

1. Cathedral  
2. Exchange Station Approach  
3. Victoria Bridge  
4. Victoria Terrace  
5. Victoria Street  
6. Salford

7. Blackfriars Bridge  
8. St. Mary's Church  
9. Government Buildings and Hotel  
10. Deansgate  
11. St. Mary's Gate  
12. Victoria Buildings and Hotel

13. Exchange  
14. Market Place  
15. Courier Office  
16. Corporation Street  
17. Civil Service Stores—Wholesale Department  
18. Peacock Street

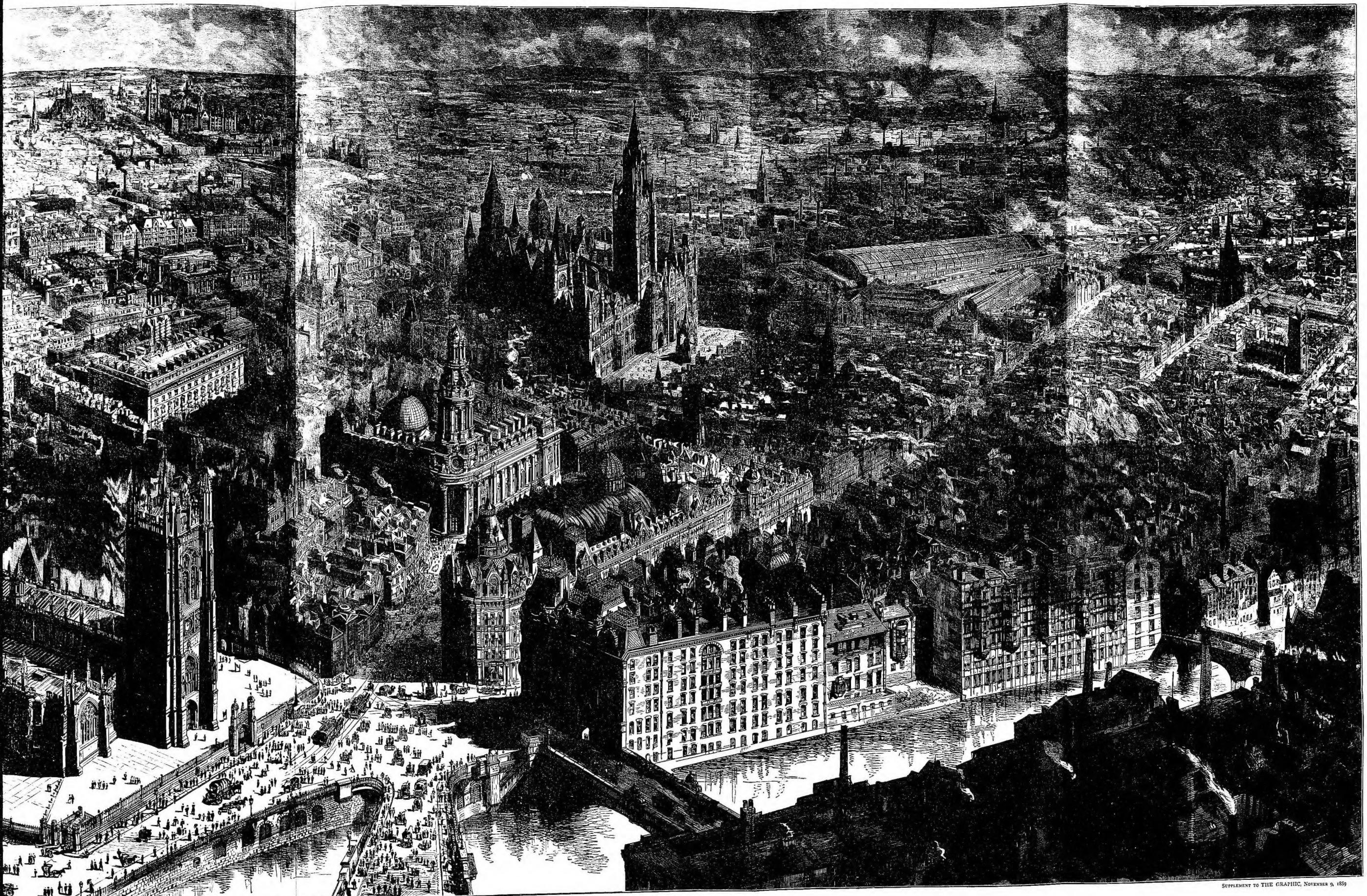
19. Grammar School  
20. Old College  
21. Smithfield  
22. Great Ancoats Street  
23. Ancoats Hall  
24. St. Andrew's Church

25. Nicholl's Hospital  
26. Arndwick Green  
27. London Road Station  
28. Portland Place  
29. City Police Courts  
30. Rochdale Canal

31. Infirmary  
32. Piccadilly  
33. Jewry  
34. White's Warehouses  
35. Victoria Park  
36. Church of the Holy Name

37. Eye Hospital  
38. Victoria University  
39. Victoria College  
40. Chetham Town Hall  
41. School of Art  
42. Independent Church  
43. All Saints  
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46. Reform

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SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRAPHIC, NOVEMBER 9, 1889

EW OF

## MANCHESTER IN 1889

31. Infirmary  
32. Victoria Hall  
33. Lewis's  
34. Watts' Warehouse  
35. Victoria Park  
36. Church of the Holy Name

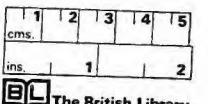


37. Eye Hospital  
38. Victoria University  
39. Victoria College  
40. Charles Town Hall  
41. School of Art  
42. Independent Church

43. Gracechurch Square  
44. St. Paul's Church  
45. Presbyterian Church  
46. St. James's Church  
47. Post Office  
48. Royal Institution  
49. Athenaeum  
50. Town Hall  
51. St. James's Hall  
52. St. Peter's Church  
53. Reference Library

54. Albert Memorial  
55. St. Ann's Church  
56. St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church  
57. St. George's Hall  
58. Theatre Royal  
59. Young Men's Christian Association

60. Central Station  
61. St. Philip's Church  
62. Holy Trinity Church  
63. St. Mary's, Moss Lane  
64. Alexandra Park  
65. Bridgewater Viaduct  
66. Bridgewater Canal and Knot Mill  
67. St. Matthew's Church  
68. Tomman Market  
69. Dean's Gate Market  
70. St. John's Church



The British Library

MORLEY, AND MORE.—Time was, and that not very long ago, when Mr. John Morley passed muster as a Radical of the Radicals. There were some, indeed, who charged his Radicalism with merging here and there into good solid Republicanism. Can it be that he has become a reactionary, and gravitated towards Toryism, when we find him "heckled" by an important section of his constituents for not being sufficiently "advanced"? He has not changed a bit: it is the complexion of our political environments that has undergone transformation. Mr. Morley flies the old flag. All the ancient legends may there be read: "Adult Suffrage," "One Man, One Vote," "Triennial Parliaments," "Payment of Members and of Election Expenses," "Free Schooling," "Abolition of Hereditary Legislators"—such are the points of the Morley "Rights of the People" Charter. And a considerable lump of reforms they make up in the aggregate—quite enough, it might be imagined, to satisfy the most robust appetite for change. But they do not nearly content the "new Radicals" of Newcastle. The Morley programme is all very well as far as it goes; but they want "Morley, and More"—much more: to wit, the abolition of the Monarchy; next, confiscation of the land; next, the compulsory restriction of labour to eight hours a day; next, that work-houses should be made really agreeable refuges; finally, that the State should insure the lives of workpeople, and provide railways for them to travel by. These moderate demands form, for the present, all the "more" which is required to give Mr. Morley's bill of fare completeness in the eyes of his Newcastle catechists. He cannot, however, yet bring his mind to accept these additions, and we fully expect to hear him denounced, therefore, as a backslider and aristocrat. And so it always has been and always will be: those who have clambered up the political ladder by the help of "advanced ideas" are sure to be jostled by climbers who are prepared to go still farther in their bribes to the ignorant, the thrifless, the lawless, and the besotted.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, giving a BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of MANCHESTER.



FOREIGN PARCEL AGENCY. See page 573, top of second column on right hand.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—A Story of the French Revolution.—Every Evening at Eight o'clock, THE DEAD HEART: Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5.—LYCEUM.

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| WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG      | T. LLOYD.            |
| TURF FAVOURITES, 1887        | H. BIRD.             |
| A FAVOURITE AUTHOR           | ALMA TADEMA, R.A.    |
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| IN LOVE                      | MARCUS STONE.        |

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BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First-Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10.00 a.m., Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car, available to return by any Train from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

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A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

READY MONDAY, DEC. 2.

# THE GRAPHIC

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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### A MAHARAJAH IN THE HIGHLANDS

MANY Englishmen go to India to shoot, but few Indian princes or gentlemen come to England for sport. His Highness the Rao of Cutch was the first, I think, who ever took a Highland moor to shoot over. His Highness came over in the Jubilee year, and, being an exceedingly enlightened prince, with widespread interests, took a tour through England northwards, shot over Phones Lodge Moor, Kingussie, Inverness-shire, and ended by being received by Her Majesty at Balmoral.

The game in Scotland is not very formidable to an Indian prince, but the moors themselves are, and it requires no little hardihood for an Indian used to the elephant's howdah to pull on thick English shooting-boots and walk the moors. However, the Rao Khengari and his brother Prince Kalubha did it very pluckily, riding ponies backwards and forwards to the moor. The Rao's pony was always led by William, a tall and sedate personage, very like a Dominie. In the sketch the day's shooting of grouse and blackcock is over, and the party are returning to the lodge. The head keeper leads the way, followed by Captain Ashby (late tutor to Prince Kalubha), and his two friends on a pony far behind.

A piper in full Highland dress is carrying the Rao's gun. He wore the Gordon tartan and the Huntly badge, but his name in the memory of the Rao will, I am sure, be none other than the Enormous Heelander for ever.

So the English of the party will always remember one of the Rao's henchmen as "Buffalo Bill." He was a Mussulman, and accompanied the Maharajah as butcher, even to the moor, to see that the game shot by His Highness, and intended for his table, died according to the Rajput caste prejudices—i.e., by bleeding from the throat, according to the usage called, I believe, *hattal*. Buffalo Bill would rush forward, when a bird fell, with a large carving knife in his hand, and despatch it happily and properly.

I have forgotten in the sketch to put the salmon flies which the Rao wore in his deerstalker cap. One afternoon, as we were seated on a knoll waiting for the beaters, Buffalo Bill, squatting behind his chief, suddenly for the first time caught sight of one of these flies. He mistook it for a real one, and crept up, encouraged by Psamah, the Rao's Jaeger (a dark and handsome man, walking by Prince Kalubha's side in the drawing), never discovering his mistake till his finger almost closed on the fly and—the hook. S. P. HALL

TANTIA BHIL

THE Robin Hood of the Central Provinces of India, as this bloodthirsty but nevertheless somewhat romantic villain has been styled, was originally a respectable agriculturist; but, having been imprisoned for some trifling offence, he became an Ishmael, and declared war against society. For many years he was the terror of the villages in the Behut district. Extraordinarily swift of foot, and with great power of disguise, he seemed to bear a charmed life, and all the efforts of the police to capture him were fruitless. On one occasion, having disguised himself as a barber, he shaved one of the policemen who had been sent to capture him, and, with a final flourish of the razor, sliced off the victim's nose, his favourite method of punishing those against whom he entertained a grudge. Like his English namesake, he was credited with giving the produce of his numerous robberies to the poor, and, like another hero, he was at last betrayed by a woman, and lodged in gaol. Even then it was said that he would escape the extreme penalty of the law, for he boasted that he had always

stopped short of murder; but it was proved that in 1879, at Bhinpal, he had assisted at the assassination of one of his enemies, and a few weeks ago he was sentenced to death.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Blees, India.

### THE UNION CHAPEL, ISLINGTON,

Has for nearly a century been one of the most influential centres of religious life in the North of London. It originated, in the year 1802, in a union of Episcopalians and Nonconformists, the former being dissatisfied with the then vicar of the parish church, Dr. Strahan—one of Dr. Johnson's literary executors—and the latter needing additional chapel accommodation.

After worshipping together about two years they formed themselves into an organised Church, consisting of twenty-six members, and secured as a chapel a building in Highbury Grove, now the dwelling-house No. 18. Shortly after this the Rev. Thomas Lewis, who had occasionally ministered to the congregation, was invited to become their pastor, and was ordained as such in the early part of 1804. In August, 1806, the congregation removed to a large chapel which they had erected in the centre of what afterwards became Compton Terrace, the houses being built subsequently to the chapel. In harmony with the institution of the Church, the morning preacher on the opening day was the Rev. Henry Gauntlett, Vicar of Olney; and the evening preacher the Rev. Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, Nonconformist. The Liturgy of the Episcopal Church was used in the morning services of the church, and extemporary prayer in the evening; the Lord's Supper also being administered in the two modes of the respective Churches.

Mr. Lewis's pastorate continued until his death in February, 1852, and the congregation quietly grew in numbers and influence. At the close of 1843 the Rev. Henry Allon, just then completing his preparatory studies for the ministry at Cheshunt College, became co-pastor with Mr. Lewis, taking the entire pastorate at Mr. Lewis's death; and he continues the minister to the present time. In 1802 the population of Islington was 10,000, in 1843 it was 56,000, in 1889 it is estimated at 325,000.

The old Compton Terrace Chapel was enlarged two or three times. In 1861 400 sittings were added. The number of Church members increased from 26 in 1802 to 676 in 1875, when it was resolved to erect a new and larger edifice. This, except the tower, was completed in 1877, and the building was opened for public worship in December of that year. It was resolved to postpone the completion of the tower until the cost of the previous structure should be provided for. This has been accomplished. The tower has been erected, and the building, now completed, has been entirely freed from debt. The aggregate cost, including the church structure, school buildings, lecture hall, purchase of adjoining houses, freehold, &c., has been 47,420/-, the whole of which has been raised by subscription.

At the meeting on October 21st to celebrate the completion of the buildings, the Lord Mayor, formerly a member of the congregation, presided, and the large building was crowded to the doors. It was stated that during Dr. Allon's pastorate 3,390 persons had been received as members to the Church, and 118,165/- subscribed for religious and benevolent purposes. There are three large missions, one of them in Spitalfields, supported by the Church; the number of scholars in the schools being 3,360, taught by 259 voluntary teachers.

We may add that Dr. Allon was born at Welton, near Hull, in 1818. He has twice been Chairman of the Congregational Union. Although for forty-five years actively engaged in his pastoral duties, he has found time to contribute largely to periodical literature, and from 1865 to 1886 was editor of the *British Quarterly Review*. He is honorary D.D. of Yale College, U.S.A.; and of St. Andrew's, Scotland.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Martin and Sallnow, 416, Strand.

### THE ROYAL GREEK WEDDING

As we gave last week a complete though succinct account of this interesting function, it will suffice here if we say a few words by way of elucidating our illustrations.

Quite an imposing fleet escorted the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*, and, as they drew near to the Piraeus, the vessels were disposed in three lines. On the starboard side were the *Dreadnought* (flagship), the *Colossus*, and the *Carysfort*; in the centre were the Royal yacht, the *Surprise*, the *Landrail*, and the *Scout*; while the port side was occupied by the *Téméraire*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Benbow*. On entering the harbour salutes were fired from all the ships in port, and, as the Prince and Princess of Wales landed, the vessels were dressed, and hearty cheers were given. On the quay were King George and the British Crown Prince, who received their Royal relatives. The British Minister, Sir Edmund Monson, and his wife were also there to welcome them, and accompanied the Royal party to Athens. Another illustration represents them driving through Constitution Square, or Place de la Constitution, as it is ordinarily called. Here the Royal Palace is situated, and our sketch shows the carriage entering the Place. The Prince of Wales on this occasion wore the uniform of a British Admiral; the King of Greece the uniform of a Greek Admiral. The soldiers in national costume gave character to the scene; but the sightseers consisted of people dressed after the fashion of Regent Street or the Rue de Rivoli.

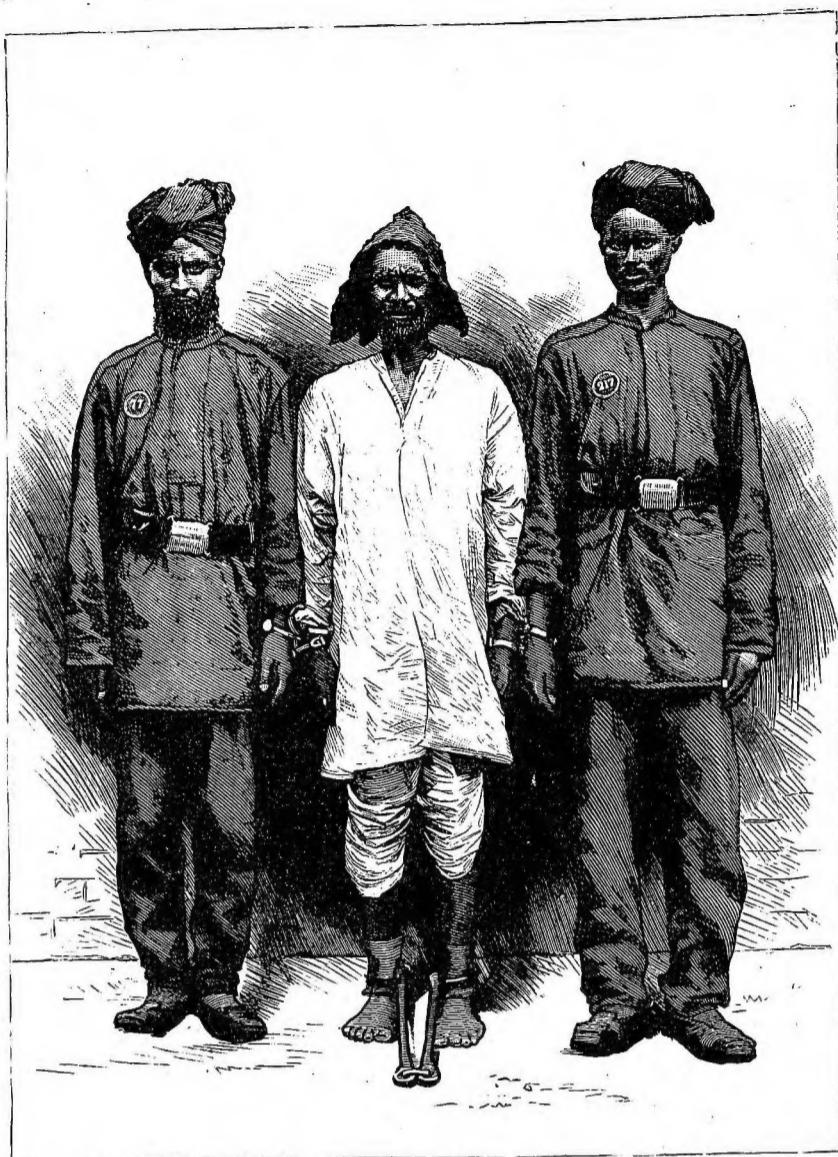
The grand function, namely, the wedding of the Duke of Sparta and the Princess Sophie of Prussia, to which all previous ceremonies were merely introductory, took place on Sunday, October 27th. The weather was magnificent, resembling that of a torrid July in England, so that the bride could delight the sightseers by driving to church in all the uncovered finery of her wedding robes and orange-blossom wreath. Troops of all arms, including the blue-jackets of the Hellenic fleet, lined the way from the Palace to the Cathedral, at the door of which a special guard of honour was mounted by the cadets of the Naval School. The wedding was celebrated with much ecclesiastical pomp and circumstance by the Archbishop of Greece and his mitred myrmidons, gorgeous in robes of brocaded gold. The service—although said to have been curtailed at the express desire of the King—seemed to Western worshippers long and exhausting. This was partly due to the great heat, and to the lack of chairs, for the Greek Church holds (and perhaps rightly) that chairs and prayers are incompatible objects during Divine Service. The bride was waited on by her brother, Prince Henry, and her two princely cousins of Wales; while behind Prince Constantine stood his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Paul, and his own two younger brothers. These distinguished personages had an especially fatiguing part to play, as during a great part of the service they had to take it in turn to hold two heavy crowns over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. The happy pair, pale with fatigue, had thrice, with burning tapers in their hands, made the round of the altar, tasted the sacramental wine, and kissed the Holy Book. Then the strains of the *Te Deum* announced that the service was over, and the newly-married couple left the Cathedral amid the enthusiastic cheers of the onlookers. But even now they were not thoroughly "spliced." From the Cathedral, they repaired in State to the Chapel in the Palace, where they were again wedded according to the Protestant rite by the Rev. Dr. Kögell, of the Dom in Berlin.

### "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

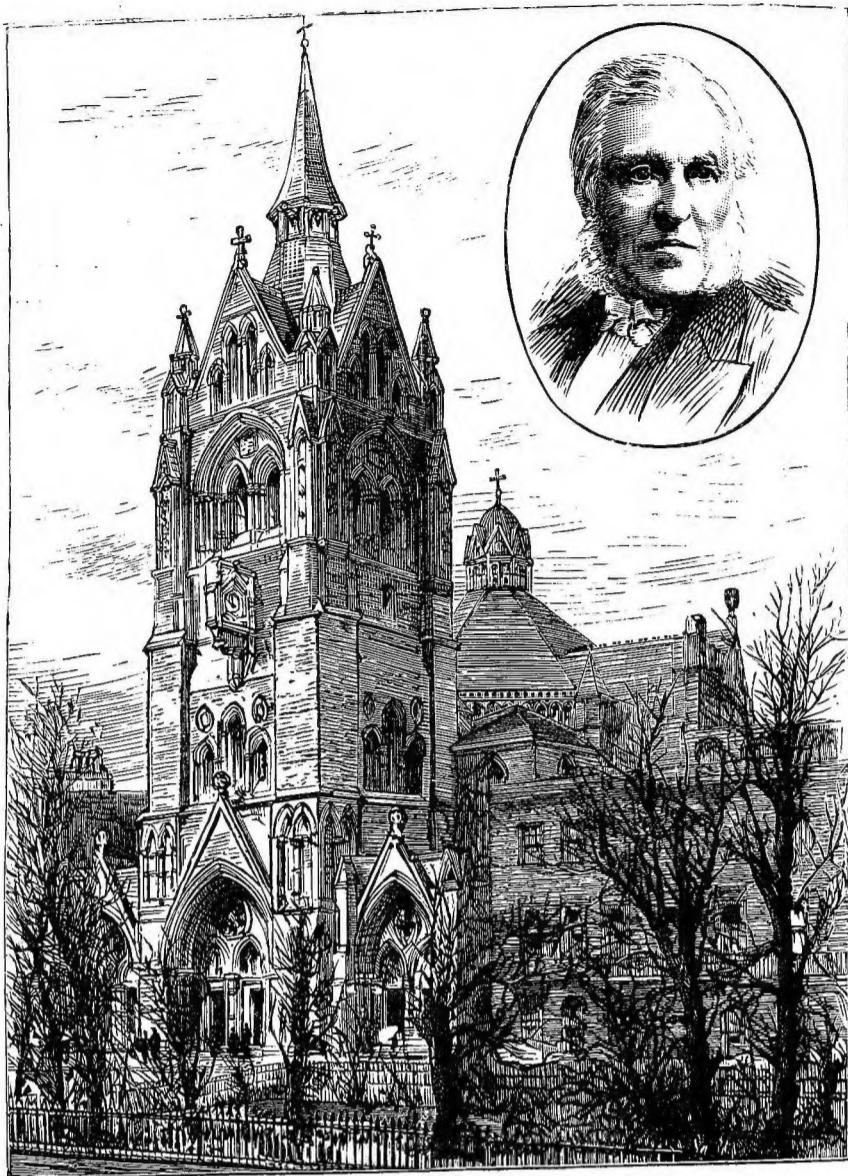
A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 561.

(For continuation of "Our Illustrations" see page 563)

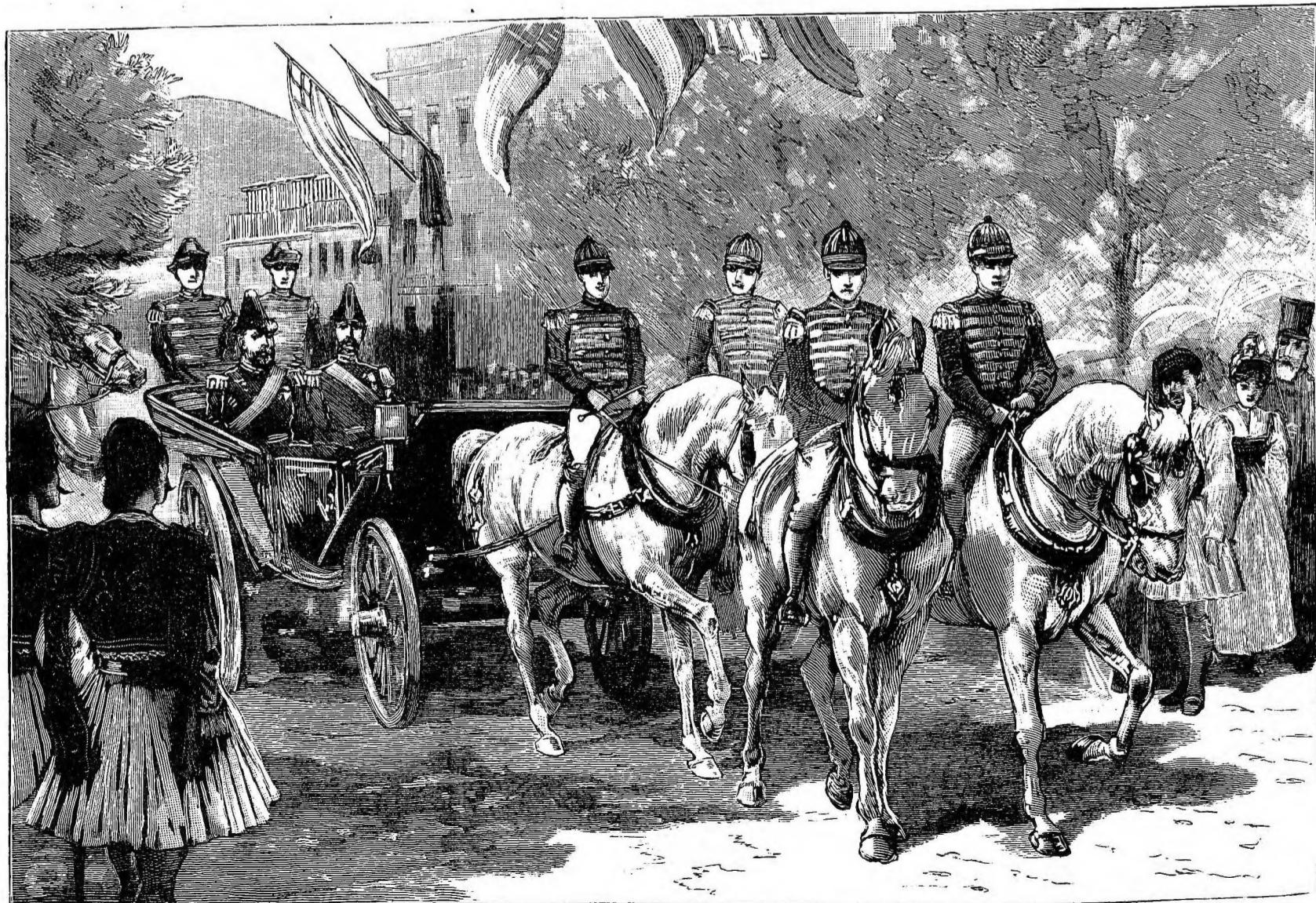
Henry Allon, D.D., Pastor



TANTIA BHIL, THE ROBIN HOOD OF INDIA, RECENTLY CAPTURED AND SENTENCED TO DEATH

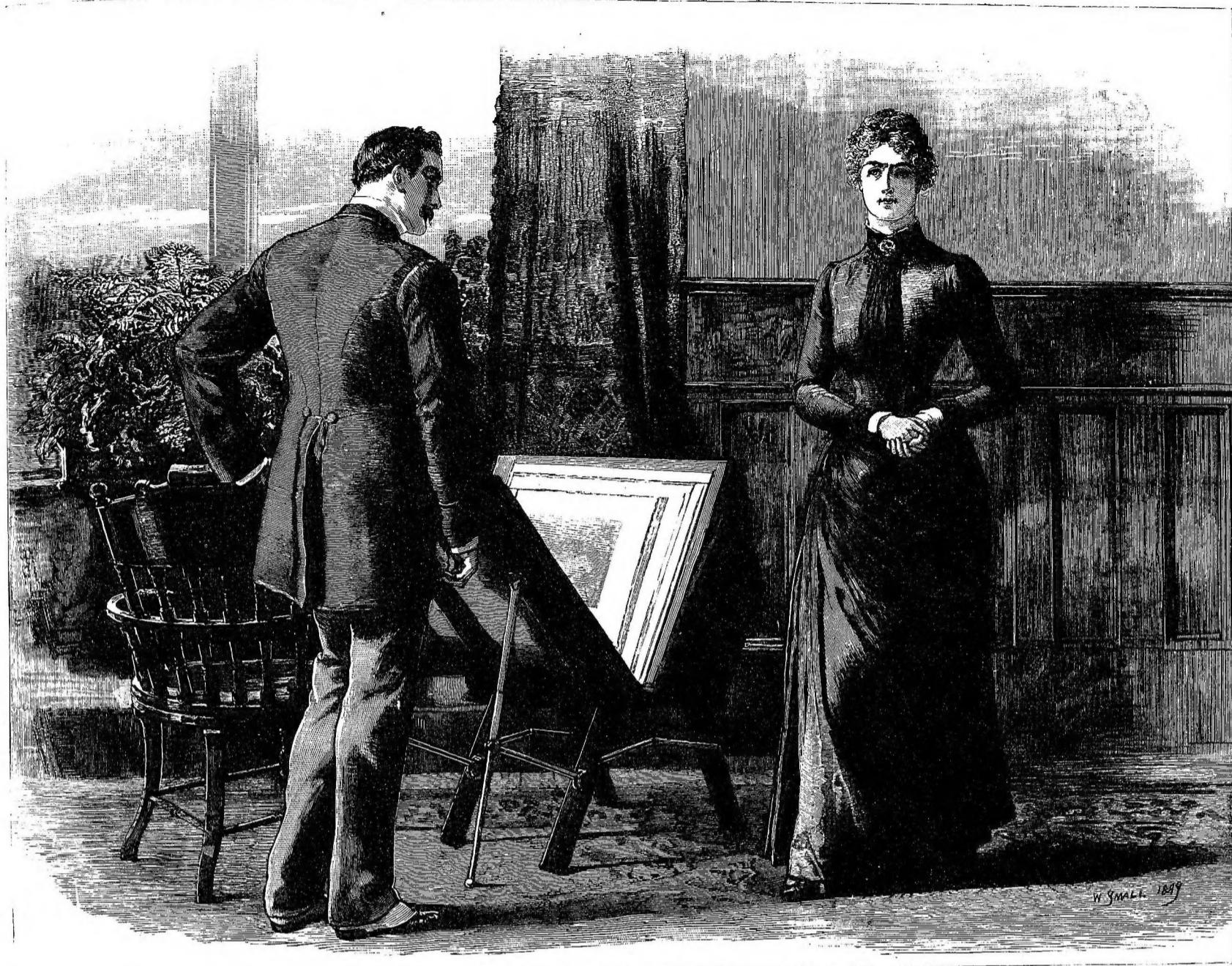


THE COMPLETION OF UNION CHAPEL, ISLINGTON  
Founded in 1802 by a union of Episcopalians and Nonconformists



THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE KING OF GREECE ENTERING THE PLACE DE LA CONSTITUTION

THE GREEK ROYAL WEDDING—ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY AT ATHENS



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

He stood stock still, his eyes bent earnestly on hers.

## "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &amp;c.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### A CRISIS

WHEN he went down to Sloane Street in the morning, he found Estelle eagerly awaiting him. She received him in Nina's small parlour; Mrs. Grey had just gone out. A glance round the room did not show him any difference, except that a row of photographs (of himself, mostly, in various costumes) had disappeared from the mantel-shelf.

"Well, what is all this about?" he said, somewhat abruptly.

"Ah, do not blame me too quick!" Estelle said, with tears springing to her clear blue eyes. "Perhaps I am to blame—perhaps, when I see her in such trouble on Saturday night, I should entreat her to tell me why; but I say 'To-night I will not worry her more; to-morrow morning I will talk to her; we will go for a long walk together; Nina will tell me all her sorrow.' Then the morning comes, and she is gone away, what can I do? Twice I go to your apartment"—

"On, I am not blaming you at all, Miss Girond," he said at once and quite gently. "If anybody is to blame, I suppose it's myself, for I appear to have quarrelled with Nina without knowing it. Of course you understood that that packet you left yesterday contained the various little presents I have given her from time to time—worthless bits of things—but all the same her sending them back shows that Nina has some ground of offence. I'm very sorry; if I could only get hold of her I would try to reason with her; but she was always sensitive and proud and impulsive like that. And then to run away because of some fancied slight—"

Estelle interrupted him with a little gesture of impatience, almost of despair.

"Ah, you are wrong, you are wrong," she said. "It is far more serious than that. It is no little quarrel. It is a pain that stabs to the heart—that kills. You will see Nina never again to make up a little quarrel. She has taken her grief away with her. I myself, when I first saw her troubled at the theatre, I also made a mistake—I thought she was hysterical—"

"At the theatre?" said he, with some sudden recalling of his own surmise.

"You did not regard her, perhaps, towards the end of her part, on Saturday night?" said Estelle. "I thought once she would fall on the stage. On the way home I think she was crying—I did not look. Then she is in this room—oh, so silent and miserable—as one in despair; until I persuade her to go to sleep until the morn-

ing, when she would tell me her sorrow. Then I was reading; I heard something; I went to the door there—it was Nina crying, oh, so bitterly; and when I ran to her, she was wild with her grief. 'My life is broken, Estelle, my life is broken!' she said—"

But here Estelle herself began to sob, and could not get on with her story at all: she rose from her chair and began to pace up and down.

"I cannot tell you—it was terrible—"

And terrible it was for him, too, to have this revelation made to him. Now he knew it was no little quarrel that had sent Nina away: it was something far more tragic than that; it was the sudden blighting of a life's hopes.

"Estelle," said he (quite forgetting), "you spoke of a letter she had left for you: will you show it to me?"

She took it from her pocket and handed it to him. There was no sign of haste or agitation in these pages; Nina's small and accurate handwriting was as neat and precise as ever; she even seemed to have been careful of her English as she was leaving this last message, in the dead watches of the night.

"Dear Estelle," Nina wrote, "forgive me for the trouble I cause you; but I know you will do what I ask, for the sake of our friendship of past days. I leave a letter for Mr. Lehmann, and one for Miss Constance, and packet for Mr. Moore; will you please have them all sent as soon as possible? I hope Mr. Lehmann will forgive me for any embarrassment; but Miss Constance is quite perfect in the part; and if she gets the letter to-day it will be the longer notice, I enclose a ring for you, Estelle; if you wear it, you will sometimes think of Nina. For it is true what I said to you when you came into my room to-night—I go away in the morning. I have made a terrible mistake, an illusion, a folly, and now that my eyes are opened, I will try to bear the consequences as I can; but I could not go on the stage as well; it would be too bad a punishment; I could not, Estelle. I must go, and forget—it is so easy to say forget! I go away without feeling injured towards any one; it was my own fault, no one was in fault but me. And if I have done wrong to any one, or appear ungrateful, I am sorry; I did not wish it. Again I ask you to say to Mr. Lehmann, who has been so kind to me in the theatre, that I hope he will forgive me the trouble I cause; but I could not go on with my part just now."

"Shall I ever see you again, Estelle? It is sad, but I think not; it is not so easy to forget as to write it. Perhaps some day I send you a line—no, perhaps some day I send you a message; but you could not go on with my part just now."

"Oh, yes, yes!" Estelle exclaimed. "You did not know? Ah, she was so particular; always exact in her economies; and sometimes I laughed at her; but always she said perhaps some day she would have to play the part of the—the—benevolent fairy to some poor one, and she must save up—"

"Had she a bank-account?"

Estelle nodded her head.

"Then she could not have got the money yesterday, if she wished to withdraw it: she must have been in London this morning!"

## THE GRAPHIC

"Perhaps," said Estelle. "But then? Look at the letter. She says if I am her friend, I will not seek to know where she is."

"But that does not apply to me," he retorted—while his brain was filled with all kinds of wild guesses as to whither Nina had fled.

"You are not her friend?" Estelle said, quietly.

"If I could only see her for three minutes!" he said in his despair, as he rose and went to the window. "Why should she go away from her friends if she is in trouble? Besides ourselves and the people in the theatre, she knows no one in this country. If she goes away back to her acquaintances in Italy, she will not say a word; she will have no sympathy, no distraction of any kind; and all the success she has gained here will be as good as lost. It is like Nina to say she blames no one; but her sending me back those bits of jewellery tells me who is to blame—"

Estelle hesitated.

"Can I say?" she said, in rather low tones, and her eyes were cast down. "Is it not breaking confidence? But Nina was speaking of you—she took me into the shop in Piccadilly to show me the beautiful gold cup—and when I said to her 'It is another present soon—it is a wedding-ring soon he will give you—'"

"Then it is you who have been putting those fancies into her head!" he said, turning to her.

"I? Not I!" answered Estelle, with a quick indignation. "It is you! Ah, perhaps you did not think—perhaps you are accustomed to have every ones—to have every one—give homage to the great singer—you amuse the time—what do you care? I put such things into her head? No!—not at all! But you! You give her a wishing-cup—what is the wish? You come here often—you are very kind to her—oh, yes, very kind, and Nina is grateful for kindness—you sing with her—what do you call them?—songs of love. Ah, yes, the *chansons amoureuses* are very beautiful—very charming—but sometimes they break hearts."

"I tell you I had no idea of anything of the kind," he said—for to be rated by the little boy-officer was a new experience. "But I am going to try to find Nina—whatever you may choose to do."

"I respect her wish," said Miss Gironde, somewhat stiffly. However, the next moment she had changed her mood. "Mr. Moore, if you were to find her, what then?" she asked, rather timidly.

"I should bring her back to her friends," he answered, simply enough.

"And then?"

"I should want to see her as happy and contented as she used to be—the Nina we used to know. I should want to get her back to the theatre, where she was succeeding so well. She liked her work; she was interested in it; and you know she was becoming quite a favourite with the public. Come, Miss Gironde," he said, "you needn't be angry with me: that won't do any good. I see now I have been very thoughtless and careless; I ought not to have given her that loving-cup; I ought not to have given her any of those trinkets, I suppose. But it never occurred to me at the time; I fancied she would be pleased at the moment, that was all."

"And you did not reflect, then?" said Estelle, regarding him for a second, "what it was that may have brought Nina to England at the beginning?—no?—what made her wish to play at the New Theatre? Ah, a man is so blind!"

"Brought Nina to England?" he repeated, rather bewildered.

"But these are only my conjectures," she said, quickly. "No, I have no secrets to tell. I ask myself what brings Nina to England, to the New Theatre, to the companionship with her old friend—I ask myself that, and I see. But you—perhaps it is not your fault that you are blind: you have so many ladies seeking for favour you have no time to think of this one or that, or you are grown indifferent, it may be. Poor Nina! she that was always so proud, too; it is herself that has struck herself; a deep wound to her pride; that is why she goes away, and she will never come back. No, Mr. Moore, she will never come back. I asked you what you would do if you were to find her—it is useless. She will never come back: she is too proud."

Estelle looked at her watch.

"Soon I must go into the theatre. There was a note from Mr. Lehmann this morning; he wishes me to go over some parts with Miss Constance, to make sure."

"What hour have you to be there?" he said, taking up his hat.

"Half-past eleven."

"I will walk in with you, if you like," he said; "there will be time. And I want to see that Lehmann isn't put to any inconvenience; for, you know, I introduced Nina to the New Theatre."

On their way into town Estelle was thoughtful and silent; while Lionel kept looking far ahead, as if he expected to descry Nina coming round some street-corner or in some passing cab. But at last his companion said to him—

"You had no quarrel, then, with Nina, on the Saturday night?"

"None! On the contrary, the last time she spoke to me was in the most kindly way!" he said.

"Then why does she resolve to send you back those presents?" Estelle asked. "Why is it she knows all at once that her life is broken? You have no conjecture at all?"

"Well," said he, with a little hesitation, "it is a difficult thing to speak of. If Nina was looking forward as you think—if she mistook the intention of those trinkets I gave her—well, you know, there was a young lady and her mother, two friends of mine, who came to the theatre on Saturday night, and I daresay Nina passed while I was talking to the young lady in the wings—and—and Nina may have imagined something. I can only guess—it is possible—"

"Now I know," said Estelle, rather sadly. "Poor Nina! And still you think she would come back if you could find her? Her pride makes her fly from you; and you think you would persuade her? Never, never! She will not come back—she would drown herself first."

"Oh, don't talk like that!" he said, with frowning brows; and both relapsed into silence and their own thoughts.

Mr. Lehmann did not seem much put about by this defection on the part of one of his principal singers.

"It is a pity," he said to Lionel. "She had a fresh voice; she was improving in her stage-business; and the public liked her. What on earth made her go off like this?"

"She left no explanation with me," Lionel said, honestly enough. "But in her letter to Miss Gironde she hopes you won't be put to any inconvenience. By the way, if Miss Ross owes you any forfeit, I'll settle that up with you."

"No, there's no forfeit in her agreement; it wasn't considered necessary," the manager made answer. "Of course I am assuming that it's all fair and square, that she hasn't gone off to take a better engagement—"

"You needn't be afraid of that," Lionel said, briefly; and as Miss Constance here made her appearance, he withdrew from the empty stage, and presently had left the building.

He thought he would walk up to the Restaurant Gianuzzi in Rupert Street, and make enquiries there. But he was not very hopeful. For one thing, if Nina were desirous of concealment or of getting free away, she would not go to a place where, as he knew, she had lodged before; for another, he had disapproved of her living there all by himself, and Nina never forgot even his least expression of opinion. When he asked at the Restaurant if a young lady had called there on the previous day to engage a room

he was answered that she had no young-lady visitor of any kind in the house; he was hardly disappointed.

But as he walked along and up Regent Street (here were the well-remembered shops that Nina and he used to glance into as they passed idly on, talking sometimes, sometimes silent, but very well content in each other's society) he began to ask himself whether in truth he ought to seek out Nina and try to intercept her flight, even if that were yet possible. Estelle's questions were significant. What would he do, supposing he could induce Nina to come back? At present, he vaguely wished to restore the old situation—to have Nina again among her friends, happy in her work at the theatre, ready to go out for a stroll with him if the morning were fine. He wanted his old comrade, who was always so wise, and prudent, and cheerful, whom he could always please by sending her down a new song, a new waltz, an Italian illustrated journal, or some similar little token of remembrance. But if Estelle's theory were the true one, that Nina was gone for ever, never to return; her place was vacant now, never to be refilled; and somehow or other—perhaps hidden in London, perhaps on her way back to her native land—there was a woman, proud, silent, and tearless, her heart quivering from the blow that he had unintentionally dealt. How could he face that Nina? What humble explanations and apologies could he offer? To ask her to come back would of itself be an insult. Her wrongs were her defence; she was sacred from intrusion, from expostulation and entreaty.

At the theatre that evening, he let the public fare as it liked, so far as his part in the performance was concerned. He got through his duties mechanically. The stage lacked interest; the wings were empty; the long glazed corridor conveyed a mute reproach. As for the new *Clara*, Miss Constance did fairly well: she had not much of a voice; but she was as bold as brass; and her "cheek" seemed to be approved by the audience. At one point Estelle came up to him.

"Is it not a change for no Nina to be in the theatre? But there is one that is glad—oh, very glad! Miss Burgoyne rejoices!"—and Estelle, as she passed on, made use of a phrase, in French, which, perhaps fortunately, he did not understand.

After the performance, he went up to the Garden Club—he did not care to go home to his own rooms, and sit thinking. And the first person he saw after he passed into the long coffee-room was Octavius Quirk, who was seated all by himself, devouring a Garantuan supper.

"This is luck," Lionel said to himself. "Maurice's Jabberwock will begin with his blatherskite nonsense—it will be something to pass the time."

But on the contrary, as it turned out, the short fat man with the unwholesome complexion was not at this moment in the humour for frothy and windy invective about nothing: perhaps the abundant supper had mollified him: he was quite suave.

"Ah, Moore," said he, "haven't seen you since you came back from Scotland. It was awfully kind of Lady Adela to send me a haunch of venison."

"It would serve you for one meal, I suppose," Lionel thought: he did not say so.

"I dine with them to-morrow night," continued Mr. Quirk, complacently.

"Oh, indeed," said Lionel: Lady Adela seemed rather in a hurry, immediately on her return to town, to secure her tame critic.

"Very good dinners they give you up there at Campden Hill," Mr. Quirk resumed, as he took out a big cigar from his case. "Excellent—excellent—and the people very well chosen, too, if it weren't for that loathsome brute Quincey Hooper. Why do they tolerate a fellow like that—the meanest lick-spittle and boot-blacker to any Englishman that has got a handle to his name, while all the time he is writing in his wretched Philadelphia rag every girding thing he can think of against England. Comparison, comparison, continually—and far more venomous than the feeble Higginson sort of stuff, which is only Anglophobia and water; and yet Hooper hasn't the courage to speak out either—it's a morbid envy of England that is afraid to declare itself openly, and can only deal in hints and innuendoes. What can Lady Adela see in a fellow like that? Of course he writes puffing paragraphs about her, and sends them to her; but what good are they to her, coming from America? She wants to be recognised as a clever woman by her own set. She appeals to the *dix majorum gentium*: what does she care for the verdict of Washington, or Philadelphia, or New York?"

Well, Lionel had no opinion to express on this point: on a previous occasion he had wondered why these two Augurs had not been content to agree, seeing that the wide Atlantic rolled between their respective spheres of operation.

"I have been favoured," resumed Mr. Quirk, more blandly, "with a sight of some portions of Lady Adela's new novel."

"Already?"

"Oh, it isn't nearly finished yet; but she has had the earlier chapters set up in type, so that she could submit them to—her particular friends, in fact. You haven't seen them?" asked Mr. Quirk, lifting his heavy and boiled-gooseberry eyes and looking at Lionel.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "My judgment is of no use to her, she is aware of that. I hope you were pleased with what you saw of it. Her last novel was not quite so successful as they had hoped, was it?"

"My dear fellow!" Mr. Quirk exclaimed, in astonishment (for he could not have the power of the log-rollers called in question). "Not successful? Most successful!—most successful! I don't know that it produced so much money—but what is that to people in their sphere?"

"Perhaps not much," said Lionel, timidly (for what did he know about such esoteric matters?) "I suppose the money they might get from a novel would be of little consideration—but it would show that the book had been read."

"And what, again, do they care for vulgar popularity?—the approbation of the common herd—of the bovine-headed multitude? No, no, it is the verdict of the polished world they seek—it is fame—*éclat*—it is recognition from their peers. It may be only *un succès d'estime*—all the more honourable! And I must say Lady Adela is a very clever woman; the pains she takes to get *Kathleen's Sweethearts* mentioned even now are wonderful. Indeed, I propose to give her an additional hint or two to-morrow. Of course you know —is doomed?" asked Mr. Quirk, naming a famous statesman who was then very seriously ill.

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. Gout at the heart; hopeless complications; he can't possibly last another ten days. Very well," continued Mr. Quirk, with much satisfaction, as if Providence were working hand in hand with him, "I mean to advise Lady Adela to send him a copy of *Kathleen's Sweethearts*. Now do you understand? No? Why, man, if there's any luck, when he dies and all the memoirs come out in the newspapers, it will be mentioned that the last book the deceased statesman tried to read was Lady Adela Cunyngham's well-known novel. Do you see? Good business? Then there's another thing she must absolutely do with her new book. These woman-suffrage people are splendid howlers and spouters: let her go in for woman-suffrage thick and thin—and she'll get quoted on a hundred dozen of platforms. That's the way to do it, you know! Bless you, the publishers' advertisements are no good at all nowadays!"

Lionel was not paying very much heed; perhaps that was why he

rather indifferently asked Mr. Quirk whether he himself was in favour of extending the suffrage to women.

"I?" cried Mr. Quirk, with a boisterous horse-laugh. "What do I care about it? Let them suffer away as much as ever they like!"

"Yes, they're used to that, aren't they?" said Lionel.

"What I want to do is to put Lady Adela up to a dodge or two for getting her book talked about; that's the important and immediate point; and I think I can be of some service to her," said Mr. Quirk; and then he added more pompously: "I think she is willing to place herself entirely in my hands."

Happily at this moment there came into the room two or three young gentlemen, intent upon supper and subsequent cards, who took possession of the further end of the table; and Lionel was glad to get up and join the new-comers, for he felt he could not eat in the immediate neighbourhood of this ill-favoured person. He had his poached eggs and a pint of hock in the company of these new friends; and after having for some time listened to their ingenuous talk—which was chiefly a laudation of Miss Nellie Farren—he lit a cigarette and set out for home.

So it was Octavius Quirk who was now established as Lady Adela's favourite? It was he who was shown the first sheets of the new novel; it was he who was asked to dinner immediately on the return of the family from Scotland; it was he who was to be Lady Adela's chief counsellor throughout the next appeal to the British public? And perhaps he advised Lady Sylvia, also, about the best way to get her musical compositions talked of; and might not one expect to find, in some minor exhibition, a portrait of Octavius Quirk, Esq., by Lady Rosamund Bourne? It seemed a gruesome kind of thing to think of these three beautiful women paying court to that lank-haired, puffy, bilious-looking baboon. He wondered what Miss Georgie Lestrade thought of it; Miss Georgie had humorous eyes, that could say a good deal. And Lord Rockminster—how did Lord Rockminster manage to tolerate this uncouth creature?—was his good-natured devotion to his three accomplished sisters equal even to that?

Lionel did not proceed to ask himself why he had grown suddenly jealous of a man whom he himself had introduced to Lady Adela Cunyngham. Yet the reason was not far to seek. Before his visit to Scotland, it would have mattered little to him if any one of his lady-friends—or any half-dozen of them, for the matter of that—had appeared inclined to put some other favourite in his place; for he had an abundant acquaintance in the fashionable world; and, indeed, had grown somewhat callous to their polite attentions. But Lady Adela and her two sisters were relations of Honnor Cunyngham; they were going down to Brighton this very week; he was anxious (though hardly knowing why) to stand well in their opinion and be of importance in their eyes. As he now walked home he thought he would go and call on Lady Adela the following afternoon: if she were going down to that house in Adelaide Crescent, there would be plenty of talk amongst the women folk; his name might be mentioned.

Next morning there was no further word of Nina. When he had got his fencing over, he went along to Sloane Street, but hardly with any expectation of news. No, Estelle had nothing to tell him: Nina had gone away—and wished to remain undiscovered.

"Poor Nina!" said Estelle, with a sigh.

Somewhat early in the afternoon he went up to Campden Hill. Lady Adela was at home. He noticed that the man-servant who ushered him into the drawing-room was very slow and circumspect about it, as if he wished to give ample warning to those within; and, indeed, just as he had come into the hall, he had fancied he heard a faint shriek, which startled him not a little. When he now entered the room he found Miss Georgie Lestrade standing in the middle of the floor, while Lady Adela was seated at a small writing-table a little way off. They both greeted him in the most friendly fashion; and then Miss Georgie (a little embarrassed, as he imagined) went towards the French window and looked out into the wintry garden.

"You have come most opportunely, Mr. Moore," said Lady Adela, in her pleasant way. "I'm sure you'll be able to tell us: how high would a woman naturally throw her arms on coming suddenly on a dead body?"

He was somewhat staggered.

"I—I'm sure I don't know."

"You see, Georgie has been so awfully kind to me this morning," Lady Adela continued. "I have arrived at some very dramatic scenes in my new story, and she has been good enough to act as my model; I want to have everything as vivid as possible; and why shouldn't a writer have a model as well as a painter? I hope to have all the attitudes strictly correct—to describe even the tone of her shriek when she comes upon the dead body of her brother. Imagination first, then actuality of detail: Rose tells me that Mr. Mellord, after he has finished a portrait, won't put in a blade of grass or a roseleaf without having it before him. If there's to be a crust of bread on the table, he must have the crust of bread."

"Yes, but Mr. Moore," said Miss Georgie, coming suddenly back from the window—and she was blushing furiously, up to the roots of her pretty golden-red hair, and covertly laughing at the same time, "my difficulty is that I try to do my best as the woman who unexpectedly sees her dead brother before her; but I've got nothing to come and go on. I never saw a dead body in my life; and it would hardly do to try it with a real dead body—"

"Georgie, don't be horrid!" Lady Adela said, severely. "Here is Mr. Moore, who can tell you how high the hands should be held, and whether they should be clenched or open."

"Well, Lady Adela," he said, in his confusion (for he was in mortal terror lest she should ask him to get up and posture before her) "the fact is that on the stage there are so many ways of expressing fear or dismay that no two people would probably adopt the same gestures. Would you have her hands above her head? Wouldn't it be more natural for her to have them about the height of her shoulders—the elbows drawn tightly back—her palms uplifted as if to shut away this terrible sight—"

"Yes, yes!" said Lady Adela, eagerly; and she quickly scribbled some notes on the paper before her. "The very thing!—the very thing!"

"But don't you think," he ventured to say, "that that would look rather mechanical—rather stagey, in fact? I know nothing about writing; but I should think you would want to deal mostly with the expression of the woman's face—"

"I want to have it all!" the anxious authoress exclaimed. "I want to have attitudes—gestures—everything: to make the picture vivid. I must have the actual tone of her shriek—"

"Which Mr. Moore heard as he came in," Miss Georgie said, as a kind of challenge.

"Yes, I thought I heard a slight cry," he admitted, gravely. "Thank you so much, Mr. Moore," said Lady Adela, with her most charming smile, as she began to fold up her notes. "The little piece of realism you have suggested will come in admirably; and I think I've done enough for to-day—thanks to Georgie here, who has just been an Angel of Patience."

Tea followed, and some idle talk, during which Lionel learnt that Lady Adela and her sisters were going down to Brighton the following day. He incidentally mentioned Octavius Quirk's name; whereupon his hostess, who was a sharp and a shrewd woman when she was not dabbling in literature, instantly and graciously explained to him that she had been corresponding a good deal with Octavius Quirk of late, over her new work. She informed him, further, that

Octavius Quirk was coming to dine there the next night—what a pity it was that Mr. Moore was engaged every evening at the theatre! When Lionel left, she had persuaded him that he was just as much a favourite as ever; he could very well understand that she had cultivated Octavius Quirk's acquaintance only in his capacity as a kind of pseudo-literary person.

Day after day of this lonely week passed: Lionel, all unknown to himself, was marching onwards to his fate. On the Saturday there were two performances of *The Squire's Daughter*; at night he felt very tired—which was unusual with him: that, or some other palpitating excuse, was sufficient to take him down to Victoria Station on the Sunday morning. He had forgotten, or put aside, all Maurice Mangan's cool-blooded presentation of his case; undefined longings were in his brain; the future was to be quite different from the past—and somehow Honnor Cunyngham was the central figure in these mirage-like visions. He had formed no definite plans; he had prepared no persuasive appeal; the only and immediate thing he knew was that he wished to be in the same place with her, breathing the same air with her, with the chance of catching a distant glimpse of her, even if he were himself to remain unseen. Would she be out walking along the sea-front after church? Surely so, when she had Lady Adela and her sisters as her guests. And if not, he would call in the afternoon: how well he remembered the rather dusky drawing-room, and its curious scent of sweet-briar or some similar perfume. A hushed half-hour there would be something to be treasured up and conned over again and again in subsequent recollection. Would she be sitting near the window, half-shaded by the curtains? Or standing in front of the fire, perhaps absentmindedly gazing into it, her tall and elegant figure outlined by the crimson flames?

When he arrived in Brighton he walked rapidly away down to the King's Road, and there he moderated his pace, keeping his eyes alert. The people were beginning to come out from the various churches; and many of them, before going indoors, joined that slow promenade up and down the greensward further west. But look where he might, there was no sign of Lady Cunyngham and her daughter, nor of Lady Adela and her two sisters. They would have been easily distinguishable, he thought. That they were in Brighton, he had no doubt; but apparently they were nowhere in this throng; so rather downhearted he retraced his steps to the Orleans Club, where he passed an hour or two with such acquaintances as he met there.

He was more fortunate in the afternoon. When he went along to Adelaide Crescent, Lady Cunyngham and her daughter were both at home; and it was with a sense of joyous relief—and yet with a touch of disquietude too—that he found himself ascending the soft-carpeted stairs. When he was shown into the drawing-room, he found only one occupant there—it was Honnor Cunyngham herself, who was standing by a big portfolio set on a brass stand, and apparently engaged in arranging some large photographs. She turned and greeted him very pleasantly, and without any surprise; she went to two low settles coming out at right angles from the fireplace and sat down, while he took a seat opposite her; if he was rather nervous and bewildered at finding himself thus suddenly face-to-face with her, and alone with her, she was quite calm and self-possessed.

"Mother has just gone upstairs; she will be here presently," Miss Honnor said. "But what a pity my sisters did not know you were coming down. After church they all went off to visit an old lady, a great friend of theirs, who can't get out-of-doors nowadays; and so I suppose they stayed on so as to keep her company. However, I have no doubt they will be here before long. What a pleasant thing it must be for you," she added, "to be able to run down to Brighton for a day after a week's hard work at the theatre."

"Yes," he answered, in a half-bitter kind of fashion. "It is a pleasant thing to get away from the theatre—anywhere. I think I am becoming rather sick of the theatre and all its associations."

"Really, Mr. Moore," she said, with a smile, "it is surprising to hear you say so—you of all men."

"What comes of it? You play the fool before a lot of idle people, until—until—your nature is subdued to what it works in, I suppose. What service do you do to any human being?—of what use are you in the world?"

"Surely you confer a benefit on the public when you provide them with innocent amusement?" she ventured to say—she had not considered this subject much, if at all.

"But what comes of it? They laugh for an hour or two and go home. It is all gone—like a breath of wind!"

"But isn't mere distraction a useful and wholesome thing?" she remonstrated again. "I know a great philosopher who is exceedingly fond of billiards, and very eager about the game too: but he doesn't expect to gain any moral enlightenment from three balls and a bit of stick. Distraction, amusement, is necessary to human beings; we can't always be thinking of the problems of life."

"They talk of the divine power of song!" he continued. "Well, what I want to do is this. I can sing a little; and I want to know that this gift I have from nature hasn't been entirely thrown away—scattered to the winds and lost. Here in Brighton they are always getting up morning or afternoon concerts for charitable purposes; and I wish, Miss Honnor, when you happen to be interested in any of these, you would let me know: I should be delighted to run down and volunteer my services. I should be just delighted. It would be something saved. If I were struck down by an illness, and had to lie thinking, I could say to myself that I had done this little scrap of good—not much for a man to do, but I suppose all that could be expected from a singer."

She could not understand this strange disparagement of himself and his profession; and she may have been vaguely afraid of the drift of these confidences: at all events, when she had thanked him for his generous offer, she rose and went to the portfolio.

"There are some things here that I think will interest you, Mr. Moore," she said. "They only arrived last night, and I was just putting them away when you came in."

He went to the portfolio; she took out two or three large photographs and handed them to him: the first glance showed him what they were—pictures of the Avron and the Geinig Valleys, with the rocks and pools and overhanging woods he knew so well. He regarded them for an instant or two.

"Do you know what first made me long to get away from the theatre?" he said in a low voice. "It was those places there. It was Strathavron—and you."

"I, Mr. Moore?"

And now he had to go on; he had taken his fate in his hands; there was some kind of despairing recklessness in his brain; his breath came and went quickly and painfully as he spoke.

"Well, I must tell you now, whatever comes of it. I must tell you the truth—you may think it madness—I cannot help that. What I want to do is to give up the theatre altogether. I want to let all that go, with a past never to be regretted—never to be recalled. I want to make for myself a new future—if you will share it with me."

"Mr. Moore!"

Their eyes met: hers frightened, his eagerly and tremblingly expectant.

"There, now you know the truth. Will you say but one word?"

Honor—may I hope?"

He sought to take her hand, but she shrank back a step—not in anger, but apparently quite stupefied.

"Oh, no, no, Mr. Moore," she said, piteously. "What have I done? How could I imagine you were thinking of any such thing? And—and on my account—that you should dream of making such a sacrifice—giving up your reputation and your position!"

Where was his acting now?—where the passionate appeal he would have made on the stage? He stood stock still—his eyes bent earnestly on hers—and he spoke slowly.

"It is no sacrifice. It is nothing. I wish for another life—but with you—with you. Have you one word of hope to give me?"

He saw his answer already.

"I cannot—I cannot," she said, with downcast eyes, and obviously in such deep distress that his heart smote him.

"It is enough," said he. "I—I was a fool to deceive myself with such imaginings—that are far beyond me. You will forgive me, Miss Honnor: I did not wish to cause you any pain: why, what harm is done except that I have been too presumptuous and too frank—and you will forget that. Tell me you forgive me!"

He held out his hand; she took it for a moment; and for another moment he held hers in a firm grasp.

"If I could tell you," he said, in a low voice, "what I thought of you—what every one thinks of you—you might perhaps understand why I have dared to speak."

She withdrew her hand quickly: her mother was at the door. When Lady Cunyngham came into the room, her daughter was apparently turning over those photographs and engravings. Lionel went forward to the elder lady to pay his respects; there was a brief conversation, introduced by Miss Honnor, about Mr. Moore's generous proposal to sing at any charitable concert they might be interested in; and then, as soon as he could, Lionel said good-bye, left the house, and passed into the outer world—where the dusk of the December afternoon was coming down over the far wastes of sea.

(To be continued)

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

(Continued from page 559)

#### MR. CHARLES LEROUX

THIS well-known aeronaut, who was drowned in the Baltic Sea near Revel, on September 25th, was born in 1857, at Waterbury, Connecticut. He early devoted himself to ballooning, and when the craze for parachute-descents broke out became one of its most distinguished professors. Altogether he is said to have made two hundred and thirty-eight different ascents. But the pitcher went once too often to the well. On the day in question he ascended, as usual, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the weather being then calm and bright. Sitting on the trapeze below the balloon, Leroux waved his cap to the crowd, but when about five thousand feet from the earth a sudden gale sprang up, which swept him rapidly in the direction of the Baltic, and, fearing lest he should be carried far from the shore, he hurriedly let the parachute go. At first it came down straight, but then began to sway about, and finally, after about three minutes, dropped into the water. Everybody expected that Leroux, who was a first-rate swimmer, would soon reach the shore. Either, however, he was benumbed by the cold, or entangled in the ropes of the parachute, for he sank, and was drowned. After three days' search the body was found, and on the 5th of last month he was buried at Revel. Thousands of people attended the funeral, and wreaths were sent by the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia and many learned bodies. A granite monument is to be erected at the public expense over his grave. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that these marks of honour will not tempt others to imitate him.—Our portrait is from a photograph sent by J. E. Litten, Warsaw, Poland.

#### MR. W. J. ORSMAN

MR. FIRTH, the late Deputy-Chairman of the London County Council, sat for the Haggerston Division. Upon his death, therefore, it became necessary to elect a new member for that division, and in the election that followed Mr. W. J. Orsman was easily successful. Mr. Orsman was born at Cambridge in 1838. When only sixteen he ran away from school and enlisted. He served for a short time during the Crimean war in the Commissariat Department, but, on returning to England, left the army and entered the Post Office, where he eventually rose to the position of Supervisor of the Mail-carts. He took a considerable part in the organisation of the 1862 Exhibition, and later of the Parcels Post system. After thirty-three years' service he retired on a pension last July. Mr. Orsman has done much good work among the poor; he helped to found the Golden Lane Christian Mission at the Costers' Hall, Hoxton Street, and is proud of the title, "Coster-King." Like his predecessor, he is a Progressist, and is in favour of most of the reforms advocated by his party—among which, we are glad to see mentioned "the control of foreign pauper-immigrants."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Wilson and Co., 135, Dalston Lane, Kingsland, N.

#### LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BASIL JACKSON,

ONE of the four surviving heroes of Waterloo, died at Ross, Herefordshire, on or about October 23rd. He was born at Glasgow, June 27th, 1795, and was appointed ensign in a line regiment before he was sixteen. He took part in a small expedition which was sent to Holland in 1813 to encourage the Dutch to rise against Napoleon, and served on the staff of the Quartermaster-General. He was afterwards employed in Belgium, investigating the barrack accommodation. When the French crossed the frontier, after Napoleon's return from Elba, Lieutenant Jackson made his way to Waterloo as one of the head-quarters' Staff. He afterwards went to St. Helena under Sir Hudson Lowe, but left the island eighteen months before the ex-Emperor's death. He next served in Canada, where he was employed in constructing the Prudential Canal, and was then for twenty years Professor of Military Surveying in the East Indian College at Addiscombe. He retired from the Army on being made a Lieutenant-Colonel.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Bustin and Sons, Hereford and Ross.

#### THROUGH THE NEW WEST

FORT GARRY, from which "the keystone city of the West"—as Lord Stanley aptly called it in one of his speeches—originated, was bright with illuminations during the Governor-General's visit. Only the gateway of this famous Hudson Bay fort remains; for, after the Red River Expedition under the then Colonel Wolseley had opened the way for safe settlement, it fell into ruin. Winnipeg, since 1870—when there were only twenty-eight houses scattered round its walls—has grown with a rapidity almost as marvellous as the mango-tree from seed to fruit in the hands of the Indian juggler. Nineteen years ago Fort Garry, besides its garrison, could only number 215 settlers without its walls. To-day 23,000 people live round its old site. The main street of Winnipeg is two miles and a half long, paved with block pavements, and palatial buildings overshadow its broad side-walks. The Court House is one of the most noticeable of these palatial buildings, and it was here, on the occasion of the Governor-General's visit to Winnipeg, that the address was presented by the Mayor and Corporation as depicted in our engraving. We described last week the Crofter Settlement near Saltcots, where are located nearly 300 men, women, and children, who were sent out last spring by the British Government.

#### THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

SIR HENRY AARON ISAACS, who to-day (Saturday) assumes the office of Lord Mayor, is the son of the late Mr. Michael Isaacs, and was born in 1830. In 1862 he was elected a Common Councillor, and in that capacity served as Chairman of several Committees. In 1883 he was elected Alderman for the Ward of Portsothen, and he filled the office of Sheriff during the Jubilee Year, in commemoration of which event he was knighted. Sir Henry is by occupation a fruit-broker, and by religion a Jew, which latter fact caused some doubt as to whether he would ride in a procession held upon the Sabbath. He is a Freemason, a Lieutenant of the City, a Governor of the Royal Hospitals, and a member of the Gold and Silver Wyre Drawers' Company. In 1849 he married Eleanor Mary, daughter of the late Mr. James Rowland.

The Sheriffs of the City of London (since the establishment of the County Councils the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex are different from the Sheriffs of the City) are Mr. Alderman Knill and Mr. Walter Henry Harris. Mr. Stuart Knill was educated at public and private schools in England, and afterwards at the University of Bonn, where he came under the notice of the celebrated philosopher, August Wilhelm Schlegel. In 1854 he succeeded his father as head of the firm of John Knill and Co., wharfingers. He was elected an Alderman in 1885, and since then has filled, with great benefit to the public, the office of Master of the Plumbers' Company, while he is also a member of several other City Guilds. His colleague, Mr. Harris, is also a member of half-a-dozen companies or more, though by profession he is a stockbroker, and several clubs also claim his allegiance. A Cornishman by descent, Mr. Harris is a Londoner by birth, having first seen the light in the metropolis in 1851, and as such takes a keen interest in all that appertains to the City. When a vacancy occurred in the Court of Aldermen for the Ward of Coleman Street, Mr. Harris was nominated, but retired in favour of Mr. (now Alderman) Hart.—Our portraits are from photographs by A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

#### THE ALLEGED CASE OF BLACK-MAILING

At the Guildhall Police Court, on October 16th, Claude Marks and Charles Woolfe, both described as journalists, and James Marix, canvasser for advertisements, were charged with threatening to print and publish a certain false libel with intent then and thereby to extort money. Mr. Muir prosecuted, while the three defendants were severally represented by Mr. George Lewis, Mr. M. Abrahams, and Mr. L. Goldberg. The prosecutor in this case was Mr. Marcus Bebro, a director and promoter of the Crystal Reef Gold Mining Company. Messrs. Marks and Woolfe were proprietors of a financial paper entitled the *Mining Record*, while Marix was in the service of the *Financial Times*, but it was not hinted that the proprietors of the latter knew anything of these transactions. The case, as formulated by the prosecuting counsel, was that the defendants had threatened to publish in the *Mining Record* an article against Mr. Bebro and his company. After several meetings between the parties, Mr. Bebro called at the office of Mr. Marks with 300*l.* in gold, promising to pay the remainder on the following day. While the money was being counted, a detective-sergeant, who had received warrants for their apprehension, appeared on the scene, and arrested the three defendants. This is the barest outline of the case, which has been several times adjourned. At the examination of November 1st, Mrs. Clarissa Bebro, wife of the prosecutor, described an interview which she and her husband had with Mr. Marix at a hotel in Brighton. Our engraving represents Mr. Rogers, a solicitor who is connected with the Crystal Reef Company, under examination.

#### CRYPT WHERE THE REMAINS OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL WERE PLACED

THE body of Dom Luis lay in State in the Church of Los Jerónimos, but on the day of the funeral (October 26th) it was removed with great ceremony to the Church of San Vicente de Fora, which is among the most conspicuous architectural objects of Lisbon, being built on one of the high ridges which run at right angles to the Tagus. Its interior is noteworthy for its severe simplicity. After the Patriarch had blessed the body, the coffin was carried through the cloisters to the Pantheon, where rest the remains of the Princes of the illustrious House of Braganza. The conclusion of the obsequies was announced by a salute of 101 guns.

#### THE WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY—CUTTING THE FIRST SOD

THIS ceremony was performed on October 23rd by the chairman of the company, General Lord Abinger, in a grass field near the Ben Nevis Distillery, Fort William. About a thousand persons were present. This new line, authorised after a keen contest in the last Session of Parliament, will continue the North British Railway from Helensburgh to Fort William, a distance of one hundred miles, passing through one of the most beautiful parts of Scotland, namely, by the side of Loch Long, Loch Lomond, by Glenfinnan, Loch Tulla, and over the celebrated Rannoch Moor, into the Spean Valley, near the entrance to Glen Roy, thence on to Fort William. There will also be a branch to Crinan, forty miles in length. The engineers for these important works are Messrs. Forman and McCall, of Glasgow; and the contractors, Messrs. Lucas and Aird, of Westminster.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

AFTER Eugen Sandow, the young Pomeranian Hercules, had defeated "Cyclops," "Samson's" pupil, last week, he was challenged by "Samson" himself. On Saturday night the trial came off. The Imperial Theatre was crammed to suffocation. The Marquis of Queensberry and Lord de Clifford acted as judges, and Captain Molesworth held the stakes. In turn the strong men bent iron bars, broke chains, and snapped wire ropes. As each of his feats was capped by Sandow, "Samson" grew more and more excited, the man's bias of the audience in favour of his rival, who was as cool as a cucumber, adding fuel to the flame; and when Sandow himself took up the running, and lifted full-grown men as if they were babies, and played with 150*lb.* dumb-bells as if they were cricket-balls, "Samson" retired in a huff, whereupon the judges awarded the contest to the Pomeranian.

#### BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MANCHESTER

See page 576.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM, which completes its centenary of existence in Europe this year, first became popular in its original home—China—about 1,400 years ago, when the poet Tan Yuen Ming continually praised the flower in his verses. According to Chinese tradition, the chrysanthemum bestows immortality when eaten with the fruit of the *wutung*; and in the Confucian Temple at Szechuan there is an image of the genius of the chrysanthemum—a beautiful girl, who grants success in their examinations to all students offering sufficient prayers. Another similar genius is drawn on the wall of a cave in the same city, and students who pray before the picture have wonderful dreams, which always come true. The best chrysanthemums in China are cultivated in the great Soochow plain and the district between Shanghai and Kiang-Yin. Some grow ten feet high, and have discs as large as a saucer; others are cylindrical in shape, or indented like wolves' teeth; but the most highly valued variety are the small flowers with numerous close-set petals.



CHARLES LEROUX  
The famous Aeronaut  
Born in 1857. Died September 25, 1889



MR. W. J. ORSMAN  
Member of the County Council for Haggerston

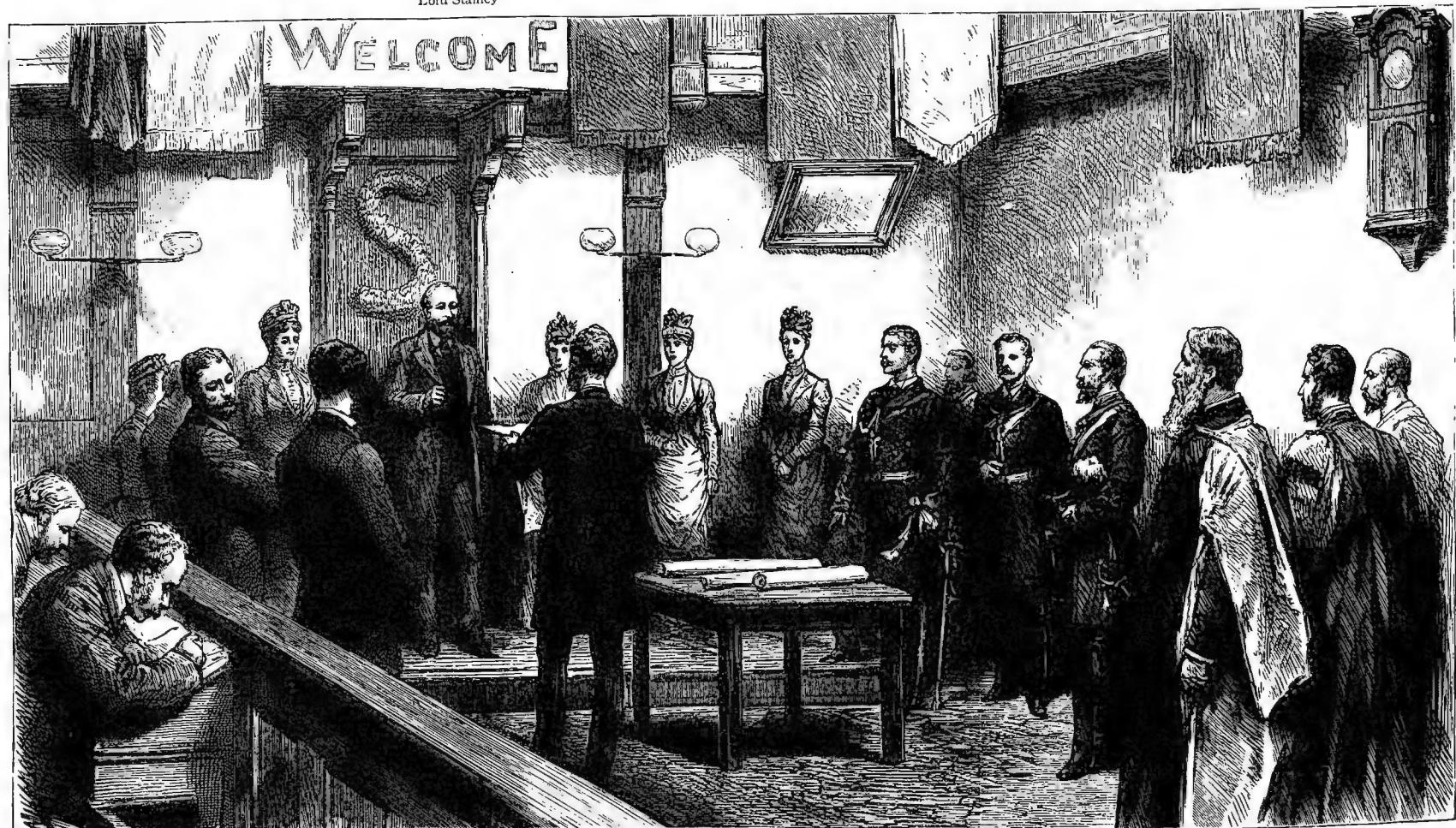


LIEUT-COLONEL BASIL JACKSON  
A Waterloo Veteran  
Born June 27, 1795. Died October 23, 1889



"THE CROFTER QUESTION"—THE EMIGRATION TO CANADA; HOME FOR THE FIRST YEAR IN THE NEW WEST  
The broken land in the foreground of the picture is to prevent prairie fires reaching the house

Lord Stanley



"ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEW WEST"—THE ADDRESS AT WINNIPEG

"THROUGH THE NEW WEST"—A TOUR WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



MR. W. H. HARRIS  
Sheriff of the City of London



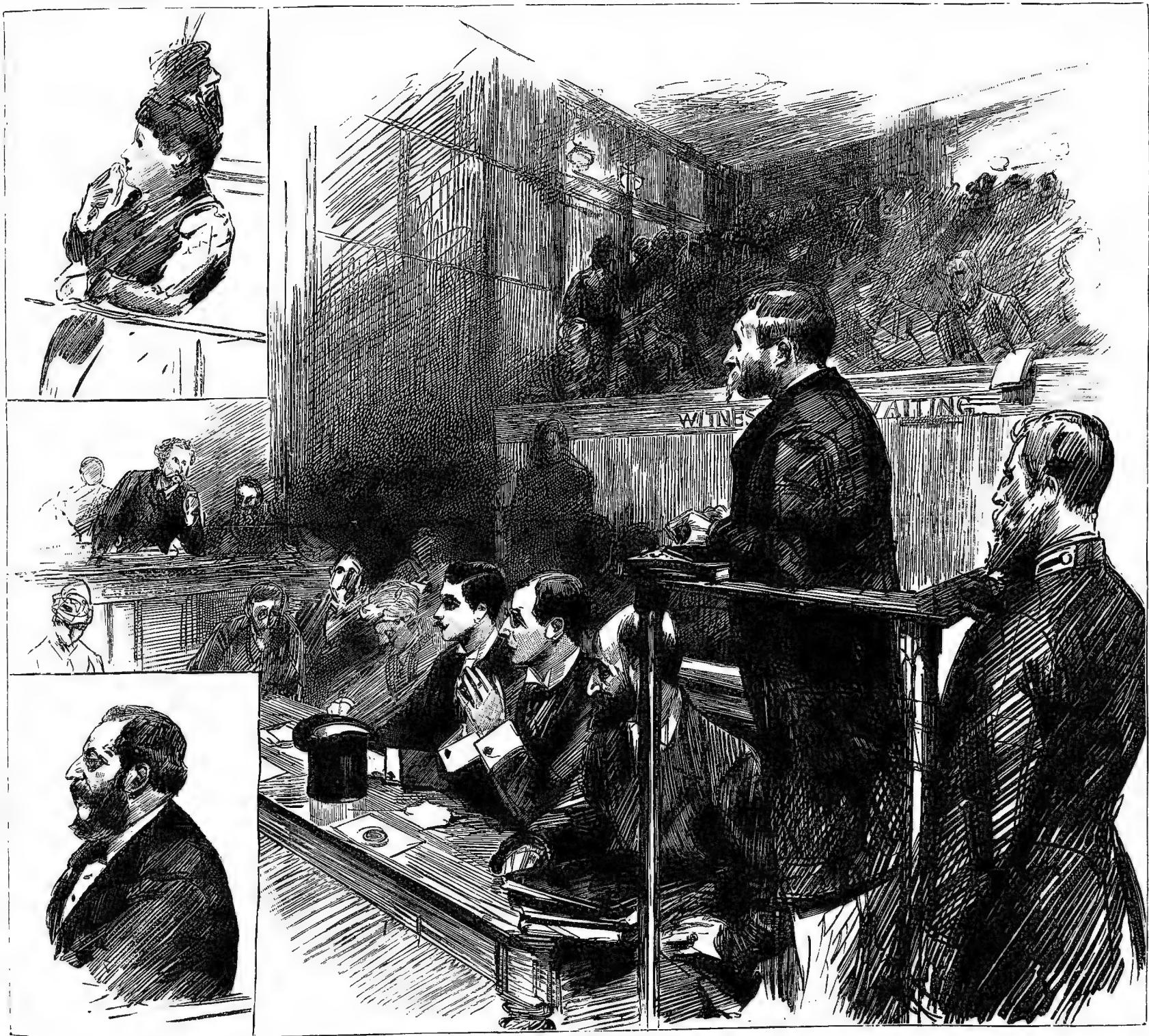
ALDERMAN SIR HENRY ISAACS  
Lord Mayor



MR. ALDERMAN STUART KNILL  
Sheriff of the City of London

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

Mrs. Bebro



Mr. Marcus Bebro

Mr. Charles Woolfe Mr. Claude Marks Mr. James Marix

MR. LEWIS CROSS-EXAMINING MR. ROGERS, THE SOLICITOR TO THE CRYSTAL REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY  
THE CHARGE OF EXTORTION AGAINST JOURNALISTS



MR. PLATT'S reasoning is not always cogent, as when he says: "If man originated from some other animal, how is it that his brain power is so superior, and that he is capable of doing things that no other animal has ever done?" In "Men and Women" (Simpkin and Marshall) his purpose is as wholesome as in "Business," "Mammon," or any of his other justly-popular essays. He says many good things well; e.g., "instead of becoming County Councillors, women should study the laws of health, that they may steer young lives through critical stages;" and "what a difference having as helpmates the right companions made to men like Disraeli and Gladstone." Contrasting woman with man, in her capacities, her aims, &c., Mr. Platt finds it easy to impugn J. S. Mill's view that "there remain no legal slaves save the mistress of every house." He traces the growth of women's higher education from Professor Maurice (who, by the way, was not Principal of King's College), in 1845, to the opening of the Cambridge Honour Examinations to women in 1881. Of course he quotes from Sir J. Vogel's "Anno Dom. 2200." We wonder he does not quote "Looking Backward;" for his axiom that "the man who is content to live by another's labour is a cur," is just one of those on which the new society described by Mr. Bellamy is based.

the new society described by Mr. Bellamy is based. Mr. B. Orme has gone far afield in compiling his "Treasure Book of Consolation" (Fisher Unwin). From Baxter to Jean Paul Richter, from Cradock to Bishop Thorold, his selections are well-chosen, and for the most part new. As Bishop Atterbury says, "we can't make affliction no affliction," but surely it must take the edge off sorrow to see how worthy men have thought and talked (often, for this is most convincing, to their nearest friends) under its strain. The book is got up in such dainty style as to put it, we fear, beyond the reach of poorer mourners. Why not a cheap edition, preserving the type and the head and tail pieces?

Far higher as works of art, indeed as delicate as anything we have seen for some time, are the head-pieces and initials of Mr. W. Jones's "Glimpses of Animal Life" (Elliot Stock). The letter-piece is a delightful *mélange* of anecdotes new and old, from the Cairo ass, described in John Leo's "Africa" (1556), which was trained to pick out the prettiest lady in the company, to Bisset's learned pig (1759) and its many successors, and the performing fleas which so delighted Frank Buckland, and the Natal weaver birds, which, their willows having been mostly cut down, have learnt deftly to fasten their nests on the telegraph wires. From gambolling elephants to luminous *infusoria* Mr. Jones has put the whole animal kingdom under contribution, to the great enjoyment and no small profit of his readers, old as well as young. He gives hints, too, as to taming, e.g., "Cats must be trained when young; the first thing to teach them is to love you. Accomplish that and they will learn almost anything."

"In Cap and Gown" (Kegan Paul) Mr. Whibley gives us "Three Centuries of Cambridge Wit," from Milton's epitaph on Hobson of "Hobson's choice" down to Mr. B. E. O. Pain's "Poets at Tea," which might never have been written had not the Brothers Smith penned "Rejected Addresses." College wit not seldom needs an interpreter; as does the satire, no doubt sparkling enough for experts, of "Charivari." Some of it, too, is stolen. To Sir G. O. Trevelyan, for instance, no angry Unionist could have done an unkinder turn than to quote "On Balaklava's Fatal Plain;" it is such a barefaced copy of one of Bon Gaultier's Ballads. It would have enlivened Mr. Whibley's volume (dull reading for all except Cantabs) had he brought in some macaroonics like that from "Ure Tonitru," beginning "Ah me, piano more meretrix, Mi ardor vel uno ;" and such a song as that in which we remember the lines: "And e'en the grave old Cato, With whose praise our ears are dinned, Would oft roll home right late, Full three sheets in the wind." Far the best of the "imitations" is Porson's of Horace, Carm. i., 27; but we miss the epigram, attributed to Gray, on the Brothers Sheepshanks of Jesus College: "The satyrs of old were monsters of note, With the head of a man, and the shanks of a goat; But the satyrs of Jesus all satyrs surpass, They've the shanks of a sheep and the head of an ass."

They've the snarks of a sheep and the heads of all sorts.

The Rev. A. G. L'Estrange spent more than a week in lionising round "Royal Winchester" (Spencer, Blackett, and Hallam) a Mr. Hertford and his daughter. On the latter he had, he naïvely tells us, ulterior designs, which it is hard to believe could have been forwarded by the jauntiness in which he sees fit to indulge in print. We feel sure Miss Hertford's presence kept him from speaking of Catherine Swinford as "a pretty governess, whom John of Gaunt's wife had the temerity to engage, with the result that her husband had several natural children;" nor, if Miss Hertford knew anything of history, would he have ventured to dismiss the noblest of Judge Jeffries' victims as "Lisle's widow, who is said to have been 'a respectable lady.'" It is a very poor joke to call Hyde Abbey an "establishment;" but equally poor, and withal stale, is Mr. Hertford's account of the visit of some labourers to the British Museum, who were satisfied with the explanation that the statues, some headless, some legless, some armless, were meant to represent a railway accident. Still worse is the remark, that the inscription on the Plague Obelisk—"Erected by the Society of Natives," is "suggestive of oysters, or of some primitive race descended from them," Miss Hertford having the good sense to admire Jane Austen, we doubt whether Mr. L'Estrange did "make a favourable impression" (p. 241) by wit of this sort. We are glad to agree with Mr. L'Estrange in his scathing account of how Lord Ogle and his fellows gave up the Castle, piteously crying:—"A parley, for God's sake! Let us have articles;" and then fell upon the store of wine till the Viscount was "as drunk as a beggar," and the rest had to be helped on their horses—the scoundrels. The book is full of small blunders—e.g., Brambridge belonged not to the Fitzherberts but to the Smythes, of whom Mrs. Fitzherbert was one; Sternhold's village was Silsted, not Slackstead, &c. Whether or no it is correct to name 6,000*l.* as the revenue of St. Cross, that "Almshouse of Noble Poverty" doubtless needs restoring to its true uses. The illustrations are admirable; but they are Mr. C. G. Harper's. Of course there is a good deal of information in the book; but, without insisting that always "le style c'est l'homme," Mr. L'Estrange's book is not so good as that of the old "guide book."

style is to our mind far worse than that of the old "guide book." Vol. XX. of "The Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith and Elder) contains all the Forresters, Frasers, Foxes, and Gardiners, taking us from Forrest to Garner. "Charles James Fox," by the Rev. W. Hunt, is the *pièce de résistance*, though "Bishop Fraser," by Mr. J. A. Hamilton, is almost as interesting; its most interesting part, in view of the Bishop of Lincoln's trial, being that which shows how, though the Manchester people expected Bishop Fraser to crush Ritualism, he was able to maintain peace all round till the passing of Disraeli's unhappy Church Discipline Act. With much detail and full sympathy (but with far too much political acrimony), Professor R. K. Douglas writes about Sir Bartle Frere. Nor do the shorter lives lack interest. Galdric, Mr. T. A. Archer's "typical secular Bishop," is as good as anything in the book. Fransham, the eccentric Norwich freethinker, will lead some to look further into his life. Mr. Humphry Ward writes well about Mr.

Forster; as does Mr. J. M. Rigg about G. W. Fulcher, the imitator of Crabbe, known to many a generation ago as "the Sudbury publisher." We hope Mr. T. Cooper's notice of Lady Georgiana Fullerton will bring again to the front her half-forgotten "Too Strange to be True." Mr. J. B. Fraser's "Kuzzilbash" is as wholly forgotten as is the visit of the Persian Princes in 1835, of which Mr. J. M. Rigg tells us Fraser had the management and wrote the narrative. It would be curious on this point to compare 1835 with 1889. Mr. Rigg also contributes very interesting notices of Lord Holland, "nephew of Fox and friend of Grey," and of his more famous wife. The Editor gives the life of him who, "with a rather wearying iteration, has been called 'dear old Thomas,' and 'old Tom Fuller,'" —

We are glad to welcome Parts 1 and 2 of *The Sunday School Manual* (Church of England Sunday School Institute). Mr. J. Palmer gives a graphic sketch of the history of Sunday Schools (with portraits of Raikes and of the Rev. T. Stock), and of their literature, followed by hints on their management, as to rewards and treats, examinations, &c. The little books are practical and suggestive; though we cannot help regretting that Raikes's room, with its parrot on the perch, its Dutch tiles, and the comely house-keeper tidying up the late comers has been wholly superseded by our cut-and-dried wholesale methods.

It is hopeless within our necessarily brief limits to give an adequate notice of Mr. G. A. Aitken's "Life of Richard Steele" (Isbister). Hitherto most of us have looked on Steele as a good-natured maudlin sort of literary Captain Bobadil, always beset by bailiffs, very reckless, but very fond of his wife. Mr. Aitken gives us the man as he was, and "dear Prue" as she was, with all the letters on both sides, and the minutest facts of Steele's social as well as of his less-known political career. The key to his character is his reply when Whiston charged him with making a speech for the South Sea Directors to please the Court, but both against his conscience and his own former writings. "Mr. Whiston, you can walk on foot; I cannot," said Steele. Strangely enough Mr. Aitken justifies Steele for "speaking on behalf of the directors when they were in disgrace, though he had written against their scheme while the nation's prosperity was imperilled." On his own showing, their disgrace was well-deserved; and to set against Whiston's calm judgment an eulogy out of a sermon by the Rev. David Scurlock, Lady Steele's cousin, is simply ridiculous. Steele, however, is emphatically Mr. Aitken's hero. He not only gives a table of all the performances of all the plays with dates, but a list of Sir Richard's creditors, with the amounts, and the sanguine debtor's "scheme for a settlement." In fact, all Steele is here—every anecdote, every bit of tittle-tattle—even to his inviting the Edinburgh beggars to a grand feast, "at which, besides the pleasure of filling so many hungry bellies, he learned from them humour enough to form a whole comedy." Some of the letters about his children are delightful; but one gets a little sick of his always sending his "Prue" "a quarter of a pound of Bohee and as much of green tea," along with the prayer that "God will make him a better provider hereafter for his wife and dear child."

The writer of "Letters from a Present-Day Mystic" (Elliot Stock) characteristically shuns attempts at explanation, "because in securing an intellectual assent they fail to awaken or confirm a spiritual perception." The aim of the letters, which have reached a second edition, is "to awaken the consciousness of our Actual Union with God and with one another;" and this, Mr. Corbett rightly judges, is sadly clouded with "other world selfishness." "The *Magnificat* is the utterance of the awakened heart receiving the Christ germ into its embrace of faith" (p. 82) is a fair sample of the style, which often has a flavour of Jukes. The remark that Our Lord's judgment is not that of the Law Courts, but of a physician diagnosing a case, is a very suggestive one.



THE first impression left by Edna Lyall's new novel, "A Hardy Norseman" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is one of wonder that anybody so fortunate as to be born in Norway should ever leave it under any conceivable conditions short of death; and, furthermore, that any foreigner visiting it should be able to return from such a paradise of honesty, truth, courtesy, kindness, and all the simple and natural virtues into any country where their opposites are not wholly unknown. And, as the authoress cannot be charged with any form of over-colour, save that of very natural enthusiasm, it is only to be hoped that the interest now taken in all things Scandinavian, and in Norway in particular, will not result in spoiling, by rendering self-conscious, the national simplicity. To parody a well-known Greek passage, incidentally quoted in the novel, the best thing that can happen to a primitive people is not to be discovered; but, if discovery be inevitable, the next best thing is for the discoverers to keep considerate silence. The Norse portion of the story is brought into stronger relief by its contrast with the much larger space given to London, where Frithiof Falck fights, under modern and prosaic conditions, a harder single combat than was ever lost or won by his namesake in the national Saga. It need hardly be said that in his person Edna Lyall traces once more the process by which a splendid specimen of an agnostic arrives at Christian faith; and we fear it must be added that the process, as described in "A Hardy Norseman," is as hazy, emotional, and apparently haphazard, as in any of its predecessors. The problems of the time have long ceased to be within the reach of fiction, which only serves to dilute and weaken their solution. Edna Lyall, however, has a charming gift of describing beautiful lives, and of bringing out the indirect influence of one life upon another; and the second impression left by her work—we have already mentioned the first—is that, if such lives as those of the Boniface family are possible even in London, there is something even better than retiring into Norway.

London, there is something even better than retiring into Norway. Anybody who has ever had his or her curiosity piqued by a substantial and important-looking parcel which, on being unfolded, after a long struggle with the knots, reveals another wrapping, and this another, and so on till the contents of a tiny packet of tissue paper make one half-cross, half-amused, at having spent so much interest, time, and trouble for nothing, will require little further description of "The Day Will Come," by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. (3 vols.: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.). In the art of keeping a secret, Miss Braddon once more proves herself unrivalled; and the most experienced novel readers may be safely defied to spot the murderer of Sir Godfrey Carmichael till very well on indeed in the third volume. Of course we shall refrain from the slightest hint that could possibly put him on the track, further than by warning him that the regular starting-point of detection, the question *Cui bono?* has, for once, no application. Indeed, absence of satisfactory motive is the grand reason why a really interesting story leads to disappointment before its close. For the rest, the novel contains many good scenes and characters. Sarah Newton's work among the workgirls at Lambeth is pathetically described; and the two Miss Dalbrooks, who look down from intellectual heights upon the frivolous gossip of other women, regarding their own equally frivolous gossip as dignified by being delivered over open volumes of Darwin and Schopenhauer, introduce an element of seasonable satire. On the whole, in "The Day Will Come," Miss Braddon succeeds, at any rate, in holding her own.

"Her Own Counsel," by the author of "Dr. Edith Romney" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is another unquestionably clever and, up to a certain point, interesting work which leads to disappointment—which is in this case an inexcusable, because unnecessary, tragedy. Indeed the story reads as if the author had either gone to work without a definite scheme, or had forgotten it half way through. The value of the novel consists in the portraiture of Eleanor Curtis, the victim of an artist-father who, on system and of set purpose, educates her into a consciously beautiful stitue, without soul, passion, or conscience, with the result which a little common sanity would have enabled him to anticipate. Instead of becoming a pagan on the grand scale, nature contrives to come out in the meavest of colours, and the most distorted of forms. We imagine that the remainder of the novel was originally intended to bring about Eleanor's education through passion in the various phases until her soul was fairly wakened; nor is there anything to prevent this, for she is not supposed to have been without capacities for goodness. However, her whole conduct, as it proceeds, becomes so blurred and hazy that her sudden death appears to have struck her author as a last desperate device for getting out of a hopeless tangle. None the less, there is something fascinating about her which places "Her Own Counsel," with all its imperfection and confusion, very far above the ordinary run of novels.

above the ordinary run of novelists.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Edward Kennard is not meditating retirement from the field of sporting novelists, in whose first flight she rides so easily. For in "Matron or Maid" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) the hunting business is so conventional and perfunctory, and there is so little of it, that fear of such a calamity is unavoidable. She even calls a horse a "horse," instead of the orthodox "noble equine;" though, on the other hand, she is still sufficiently sportsmanlike to translate "meat" into "carnivorous food." Her story is the favourite one of the embarrassment of a beautiful, but selfish and feeble-minded, cad, such as lady novelists love to portray, between the pure love of an innocent girl and the unscrupulous passion of a frenzied woman. How the victim of his own fascinations drifted into unmerited happiness, at no worse cost than some loss of beauty, is scarcely worth while wading through three volumes of sentimentality to learn. No doubt there are plenty of readers who will revel in the sentimentality for its own sake. For our own part, however, we cordially trust that our next meeting with Mrs. Kennard will be in the healthy and congenial atmosphere of the covert side.

Mrs. Molesworth's "Neighbours" (1 vol.: Hatchards), is a quiet little story, contrasting the bringing up of two families of young people; the one narrowly and artificially, and the other broadly and naturally. We need hardly say which system turns out the most successful. One hardly knows whether to describe it as written for growing girls, or whether as addressed to parents and guardians. Its interest is certainly not absorbing; but it will please a great many readers of quiet tastes, and the wholesomeness of its tone, and the excellence of its intentions, are all that can be desired.



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THE most generally interesting paper in *Scribner* is "Where Emin Is," by Colonel H. G. Prout (Baroud Bey), formerly an American Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of Africa, and a trusted friend of General Gordon. Emin Pasha was chief medical officer during Colonel Prout's administration. Gordon's plans and ideas in regard to this region, as revealed in personal letters to Colonel Prout, are here, for the first time, published. The article is certainly one to be read.—Professor J. Russell Soley, U.S.N., discusses the effect on American commerce of an "Anglo-Continental War," showing in a striking manner how some of the principles of international law which England has been active in establishing during this century may re-react to her own disadvantage and peril.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson contributes to the *Atlantic Monthly* a paper on the "Character of Democracy in the United States." The keynote of his thought is to be found in the observation "Unless we can concentrate legislative leadership, we shall suffer something like national paralysis. We have no one in Congress who stands for the nation."—Another useful paper is "The French in Canada," by Mr. Eben Greenough Scott.

The *Universal Review* opens with "The Great Dock Strike," by Mr. H. H. Champion, who ascribes the success of that labour movement to the co-operation of three agencies, "public opinion," the power of combination, and the power of Socialist agitation."—An illustrated serial, "The Wages of Sin," by Lucas Malet, has a promising beginning.—Mr. Harry Quilter writes warmly and eulogistically of the late Wilkie Collins, under the heading, "In Memoriam Amici."—We cannot praise Mr. Meredith's "Jump-to-Glory Jane." It is not humorous, it is not sublime, and if it is meant to be pathetic, the intention is very darkly veiled.

meant to be pathetic, the intention is very dull. In *Temple Bar* there is an entertaining article constructed out of materials supplied by the "Souvenirs et Portraits" of the Duke de Levis. This nobleman was brought up at the Court of Louis XV. When the revolutionary horrors began, he emigrated, and served as a private in the army of Condé. At the Restoration, he was made a Lieutenant-General, and a member of the House of Peers. Owing to his literary talents, he also became a member of the French Academy.—There are good papers on "Thomas Poole," Coleridge's friend, and on the career of "Tamerlane."

An excellent descriptive illustrated paper is "A Winter's Sport in Florida," which Mr. O. A. Mygatt contributes to *Outing*.—We must also commend to dog-lovers "Borderer's" well-written illustrated article on "Our Four-Footed Friends."

trated article on "Our Four-Footed Friends." Mr. Thomas A. Janvier in *Harper* breaks somewhat new ground with "The Mexican Army," an institution, which we gather from his account of it, to be in a tolerably efficient condition. The numerous illustrations will not evoke any very lively enthusiasm for the Mexican soldier.—There is a good theatrical essay, lavishly illustrated, "A Century of Hamlet," by Mr. Laurence Hutton.—We can praise a West Indian travel paper, "At Grand Anse," by Mr. Lascadio Hearn.

"The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," which opens the *Century*, should especially interest the theatrical public. "I may almost say," he observes, "that I was born in a theatre."—Miss Susan N. Carter gives the result of her shrewd observation in "Street Life in Madrid." Of Spanish women she says: "I saw faces which might haunt one in bad dreams. The little white chins were often hard and grim, and though their lips were full and soft, the muscles of their mouths contracted at times—it might have been

with malice, or it might have been with envy—and the delicate thin nostrils of their small noses looked made more to show cruelty than fun."—A curious fictional character study is "The Case of John Van Arsdale," by Mr. Ernest H. Crosby.

Mr. Holt S. Hallett has in *Blackwood* a useful article on "The Burmese-Siam-China Railway."—As a set-off to this commercial, political, geographical contribution, we have an excellent literary essay, "Edward Fitzgerald: An Aftermath," by Mr. Francis Groome.—We may also commend "The Defence of the Hindoo Groomes," by Lieutenant W. C. Crutchley, R.N.R.

"The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus," by Mr. Lewis Morris, in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, is a fine rendering in blank verse of a famous legend of the Early Church. He thus describes the recognition of the miracle by the Ephesian Bishop:—

Then fell the Bishop, full of pious awe,  
Prostrate at Malchus' feet—the aged man  
Before the you h who wore unchanging youth.  
Since well he knew what thing his eyes had seen—  
A miracle of life, raised from the grave,  
A miracle of Heaven.

Other noticeable features of the periodical are Mrs. Oliphant's "Margaret of Scotland," "Cracow," by Mr. Adam Gielgud, "The Dockers' Story," by Mr. Benjamin Tillett, and Dr. Frewen Lord's "Bomby."

In *Longman* Mr. C. T. Buckland, F.Z.S., writes instructively of "Some Indian Insects." He remarks that "the white ants probably take the cake, according to modern phraseology, as the greatest nuisances of their kind."—Mr. Horace Hutchinson is very amusing on "Early Days in Southern California."

Useful information agreeably put together is supplied in "Among the Cider-Makers," a contribution to *Cornhill*.—"The Bronze Axe" is a bright archaeological paper. The writer boldly says:—"The bronze axe was the beginning of civilisation; it brought the steam-engine, the telephone, woman's rights, and the County Councillor directly in its train. With the eye of faith, had he only possessed that useful optical organ, the Stone Age artisan might doubtless have held Pears' soap and the deceased wife's sister looming dimly in the remote future."

Lord Grimthorpe, in *Murray*, discusses with much fire and force "Church Restoration Principles," especially with reference to the "ten years of storms that have raged over our oldest great church of the English Protomartyr, St Alban," and is caustic in his references to the Royal Institute of British Architects. —Mr. John Murray writes on "The Origin and History of Murray's Handbooks."—Captain Shaw is interesting about "Some Great Fires."

The most generally attractive article in the *Newbery House Magazine* is "An Autograph Book, with the Facsimile Autographs of Archbishop Laud," by Esmé Stuart and A. R. Bramston.

A translation by Mr. Carl Siewers of a paper by the King of Sweden on "The Battle of Eckernförde" opens the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*.

There is a charming frontispiece to the *Woman's World*, an engraving by Jourard of "Madame Vigée Lebrun," from the portrait by herself in the Louvre.—Particularly interesting is the illustrated paper on "The Mohammedan Women of Turkey," by Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett; while Miss M. F. Billington writes sensibly on "Journalism as a Profession for Women."

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a photograph from Mr. H. Herkomer's picture of "The Last Muster."—A timely paper is "The Artistic Aspect of Lord Mayor's Shows," by Mr. Joseph Grego. It is made of additional interest by numerous illustrations from quaint old prints.—We must also notice a full-page engraving by R. Berthold, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting of "Elizabeth, Countess Grosvenor."

An addition, and we think a valuable one, to the ranks of the illustrated magazines is *Sun Artists*. The promoters inform us that it is their endeavour to emphasise the artistic claims of photography by reproducing the best work of the best photographers in the best possible manner. The plates in this number, the first a delightful picture entitled, "Sleepy Hollow," have been executed by the Typographic Etching Company. The letterpress has been entrusted to the Chiswick Press, the type being from punches cut by Caslon in 1720, and the paper being Van Gelder's hand-made. Altogether *Sun Artists* is a handsome and attractive quarterly periodical.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is from Meissonier's "The Cuirassiers" (1865). The magazine, amongst other good matter, has an illustrated paper on "The Sécrétan Collection."

### CHRISTMAS BOOKS

#### III.

A LITTLE solid reading leavens the mass of tales deemed appropriate to the Christmas season. An example is better than precept, the terse biographies of illustrious men of all ages and professions collected in "The Achievements of Youth" (Nelson) may well encourage boys hoping to make a name in the world. Whether the lad's inclinations tend towards Science, Art, Literature, Politics, or soldiering, they are sure to find a worthy model in the Rev. R. Steel's compilation. Should they prefer history to biography, Mr. W. Dobson presents an abridged edition of General Napier's well-known history as "A Narrative of the Peninsular Campaign" (Bickers). Mr. Dobson omits many statistical details and technical opinions to bring the work within the scope of young readers, leaving mainly intact the General's spirited page of military annals. With its interesting photographs, this book would be an acceptable prize.—Scientific tastes are attracted by the record of "Earthquakes" (Routledge), which W. C. Pitman has translated from the French of Arnold Boscovitz. Though full of information, this volume is loosely put together, and abounds in repetitions, while it is singular that no mention should be made of the disastrous Charleston earthquake in 1866. There are numerous attractive illustrations.—More cheerful in theme are the "Glimpses of Europe" (Ibbister), shown through the glasses of various writers, under Mr. W. C. Procter's supervision. Flitting from sunny Italy to the chilly North, through fair France to mighty Germany, these short sketches of foreign travel depict country, history, and people in bright, agreeable style, aided by plentiful drawings.—And with books of travel comes a fresh edition of Miss Amelia B. Edwards's entertaining experiences amongst the Dolomites, "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys" (Routledge). Miss Edwards has supplemented her original narrative by useful notes for travellers, and, though the district is no longer so unknown nor so primitive as at the time of her visit, her work in its handsome new dress is as telling as ever.

Adventures on the other side of the globe still form the main subject for boys. Africa provides plenty of excitement, and the sketch of rough life on the Veldt, which Miss Stredder draws in "Jack and His Ostrich" (Nelson), is one of the best stories. The Boer and his household are capitally described, and are fully as entertaining as the more romantic experiences which befall another lost lad in "A Warrior King" (Blackie), wherein J. Evelyn portrays a truly noble African native, and his struggle for country and freedom.—The "Blacks and Bushrangers" (Sampson Low), of whom Mr. Kennedy tells, hail from Queensland, and furnish plenty of thrilling material in the shape of tribal warfare and hairbreadth

escapes; while yet another type of savage, the noble Red Man, lives again in the familiar pages of Fenimore Cooper, whose most stirring narratives of American forest and prairie are gathered together specially for young people in "Leatherstocking Tales" (Routledge). Surely the bright old stories of "The Deerslayer" or "The Last of the Mohicans" must interest the present generation as much as their predecessors.—Still wandering far from home the boyish reader may revel in varied perils happily overcome, which Mr. Henty relates in his own brisk graphic fashion in "Tales of Daring and Danger" (Blackie)—slighter work than that usually associated with his pen; or follow a thread of contemporary history, when Madame de Nanteuil interweaves the occupation of Tonkin with the career of a gallant Breton sailor and his wondrous dog "Captain" (Routledge). Miss L. Ennor has translated the story very neatly.—Then come our old friends the smugglers—who are much in request this season—to commit dreadful deeds at "Scout's Head" (Warne), till defeated by the doughty hero of the British western coast, whom the Rev. F. Langbridge depicts with much gusto.—But all these most stirring adventures pale before the "Wild and Weird Tales of Imagination and Mystery" (Ward Lock), which fully realise the promise of their title. Gathered by Sir G. Campbell from all nations, these gruesome histories would be the very thing to read aloud in the firelight, when ghost-stories are in request, making nervous individuals feel delightfully "creepy."

The sisters now have their turn, elders in their teens coming first. Most novel is the pretty Chinese love episode, "Smitten and Slain" (Nelson), by "A. V. V."—a tragic and telling argument against the opium-traffic, relieved by glimpses of native life.—Love-affairs, too, are the theme of "The Three Geoffreys" (Allen), wherein "M. M." spins an intricate web of family relationship into a pleasant tale; and of Mr. W. Earl Hodgson's more pretentious, but far less satisfactory, "John Clifford" (Remington). Mr. Hodgson is evidently haunted by reminiscences of Mr. Black and his salmon-fishing descriptions; while occasional grammatical slips do not improve his work.—The frank independent American damsel appears to advantage in "Rose and Thorn" (Nelson), bright picture, by K. L. Bates, of a twin brother and sister united after long separation, brisk Transatlantic life and character contrasting sharply with the English country society dealt with in the next trio. People prone to gossip might take a hint from "Golden Silence" (Nisbet), by Mrs. Marshall, or learn not to condemn their neighbours too soon upon outward appearances from Ruth Lamb's "One Little Vein of Dross" (Nisbet), now added to the "Golden Ladder Series."—But the most taking portrait in this rural gallery is the charming old maid of "Miss Brown's Basket" (Nisbet), whose industry and unselfishness are unaffectedly narrated by Mrs. H. Charles. Just the story for a parish library or for reading to a girls' class.

Little Lord Fauntleroy has had many followers, and amongst them may be counted "Sir Aylmer's Heir" (Nelson). Still Miss Evelyn Everett Green's hero is none the less fascinating, if a trifle too angelic, and converts a morose uncle into a loving relative with much tact. C. S. Lowndes heals another family feud in "Mr. Orde's Grandchildren" (Nisbet), who are all nice natural children, perpetually tumbling in and out of scrapes. Their exploits were more innocent than the freaks which wrought such tragic catastrophes in "Dora's Doll's House" (Nelson), wherein the Hon. Mrs. Greene contributes two of the most unpleasant little girls encountered this season. It is quite a relief to turn to the prim maiden of long ago, who tells her children her experiences "When Mother was Little" (Fisher Unwin). S. P. Yorke writes as gracefully as H. Ford uses his pencil for the accompanying cuts.—The tempting volume of tales by different well-known authors annually brought out by Messrs. Skeffington is intended this year for children between six and fourteen, and all those who have enjoyed previous productions will find no falling-off in "Stories Jolly, Stories New."—Two other books peep into Fairyland. After collecting other people's fairy stories in a previous volume this season, Mr. Andrew Lang now provides one on his own account in "Prince Prigio" (Arrowsmith). Very entertaining are the woes of the prince, who was too clever; and very dainty are Mr. Gordon Browne's drawings.—Mr. Alfred Fryer's "Travels in Dreamland" (Sonnenschein) also contain some graceful fancies, when the Months take a little dreamer to visit the fairies, the birds, and the flowers. Nursery lads and lasses may find something to laugh at in the merry pictures contributed by J. Sinclair to "The Enchanted Shirt" (Walker), although they may fail to grasp the moral of Colonel Hay's poetry; and they will also make room on their shelves for yet another copy of their old friend *Æsop*, "The Favourite Book of Fables" (Nelson), profusely illustrated. Sunday literature is provided by C. Howard James' "Talks Upon Little Things" (Sunday School Union)—really interesting papers of the sermonette description, and by Lady Amabel Kerr's short Old Testament stories, "Before Our Lord Came" (Burns and Oates). But why does the latter authoress perplex childlike brains by rejecting the usual Scriptural spelling of most names, putting Isai for Jesse, Eli for Elisha, Heli for Eli, and depriving the Pharaohs of their final "h"?

Our list of annuals includes the *Boy's Own Annual*, the *Girl's Own Annual*, the *Sunday at Home*, and the *Leisure Hour* (Religious Tract Society), *Little Folks* and *Bo-Peep* (Cassell), the *Children's Treasury* (Nelson), and *Little Wideawake* (Routledge).

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

YOUNG Australia is very ready to give expression to its abounding vitality and self-consciousness in verse. An outcome of this proclivity is before us in Mr. Samuel Harper's "Australia and Mnason" (F. Cunningham and Co., Sydney). This is a Centennial poem, and professes to give a poetical history of the colony of New South Wales. "Australia" is, as regards this production, the continent personified in the character of a beautiful woman, splendidly attired, and endowed with some of the attributes of divinity. "Mnason," the poet tells us, signifies "diligent inquirer," who here is supposed to be a Briton, ignorant of the vast resources of Australia, greatly surprised at what he has already seen, and anxious to be informed on matters of which he is ignorant. Some of the information would be unnecessary to any one who had visited the Indian and Colonial Exhibition; but Mnason is very ingenuous, and a mere blank slate as regards knowledge. Still, Mr. Harper sketches effectively the small beginnings from which we have the wonderfully rapid development of the "New Englands of the Southern Pole." Nor does he forget those maritime explorers De Quirois, Dirk Hartog, Tasman, Carpenter, and Cook, who by their previous searchings made possible the advent of the early settlers. As a sample of Mr. Harper's style, we may quote from his description of the mountains of New South Wales:—

"And here resounds the cry,  
Of sombre raven, or bright parrot gay,  
Of tinkling bell, or whi's deceptive lay.  
Primeval forests clothed their furrowed side,  
And every light and shade of green supplied.  
The spreading myrtle grateful shelter gave,  
The fern and cabbage-trees with graceful wave,  
Coeval grew with stately turpentine.

Throughout "Australia and Mnason" is informed by the spirit of the warmest patriotism and loyalty, and may be further commended as offering in brief space an instructive and suggestive review of a century of Antipodean history.



**BARLEY.**—The sales of the new English crop since harvest have been very considerable, amounting at the 187 Statute markets to over eight hundred thousand quarters, and being variously reckoned at from two to two and a half millions for the entire kingdom. Norwich, Bury, Ipswich, Lynn, Lincoln, Peterborough, and Nottingham have been busy markets, frequented by maltsters, and the seat of a really good trade. At Lincoln 40s. and over has frequently been made, and the best English samples made up to 48s. per quarter. No foreign sort approaches this value, except Saale, which is held at from 45s. to 46s. per quarter, with 48s. for the very finest. Very good Californian ranges from 35s. to 45s. per quarter, good Hungarian makes up to 40s., and the malting barley of Bohemia is being put on sale at 36s. per quarter. England, however, still produces not only the finest barley in the world, but yields the most per acre, the English average being ten bushels more than the American, and twelve bushels more than the French.

**APPLES.**—The crop this year was very variable in the West of England, and mostly disappointing. The favour with which different sorts are regarded from time to time varies exceedingly; there is fashion in apples no less than in other things. The Kingston Black apple, once the favourite of Hereford growers, is now getting comparatively rare, while the Bitter Sweet, Chisel Jersey, and Hangdown Horace, although less surely in the way of being discarded, are yet less common than they were ten years ago. Red Chester and Red Cap hold their own north of the Severn, and have even spread their dominion south of the stream. Little Trat and Davenet are rising sorts in Hereford and Gloucester. Red streaks and Coccagees are now scarcely to be met with. The former makes good strong cider, but requires to be kept for at least a couple of years. It naturally finds no favour in this impatient age. A well-known writer says, "The kinds of apples best for cider are those whose juice affords the greatest density and the largest amount of sugar." This is, of course, from the maker's point of view, for the larger the amount of sugar the more alcohol is generated on fermentation.

**THE OCTOBER FAIRS,** which are some of the biggest of the year, have just been held, and have, for the most part, resulted in satisfactory prices. One of the most important, however, that of Hereford, was of a very disappointing character, and it almost looks as if the once famous Herefords were losing ground when we see them at a discount in their own central district. Prices were 20s. to 30s. lower from a year ago, yearlings going at from 12*l.* to 17*l.*, two-year-olds 15*l.* to 18*l.*, and three-year-olds 18*l.* to 24*l.* each. Pedigree animals did not sell much better than plebeian beasts. At Retford there was a great demand for horses, which fetched 40*l.* to 60*l.* for quite second-rate quality, and more for anything really good. Some fine lots of rams at the same Fair made up to 14 guineas. Lambs made up to 45*s.* at Retford Fair, and 44*s.* at Sherborne. The sales of Cotswold sheep in the West of England have been well attended, and have been so successful as to be pointed to by the agricultural journals as a sign of returning prosperity to at least one branch of agriculture.

**CHESHIRE DAIRY SHOW.**—All who have memories of what Cheshire cheese was in the prime of that industry will be glad to learn that strenuous efforts are being made to regain the old prestige, and that at the annual Show of the Cheshire Dairy Farmers' Association, held last week, the cheese was unanimously regarded as the finest shown since the association was established for the encouragement of the industry eight years ago. Mr. Mullock, of Paulton, a tenant farmer under the Duke of Westminster, won the first prize; while the second went to Mr. Dutton, of Brindley, one of Lord Tollemache's tenants. In the class for twenty Cheshire cheeses manufactured by a Cheshire tenant farmer, thirty-six agriculturists competed, and 720 cheeses were accordingly shown. In this, as in the single class, Mr. Mullock took first prize. He sold his exhibited cheeses for 10*s.* per cwt. after the Show. The cheese made at non-agricultural factories was also very good, and the butter classes were filled with excellent exhibits.

**A LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER** has had some remarkable experiences of new crops. His first idea, derived from a daily paper of unquestioned sobriety, was to grow blackberries for jam-making. He bought a number of first-class brambles, which were to bear, so the nursery gardeners said, "fruit as large as grapes." He had waited two years now, but nothing has appeared on the brambles except leaves. Caraway seed was his next venture. After one year's failure, a really good yield per acre was grown, and as the price in London quotation lists was 60*s.* per cwt., he imagined he was "in for a good thing." The firms dealing in caraways proved to be a narrow ring, and, after much correspondence, the best price he could obtain was 29*s.* per cwt. delivered in London. He consigned the seed by Great Northern Railway, which, instead of charging grain rates of 1*l.* per cwt. imposed a special rate, 2*s.* He had subsequently to send to London by sea, but found that also "ran away with all the profits." So now he has fallen back on breeding heavy cart-horses. The buyers in this case come to him, and he finds the business pay.

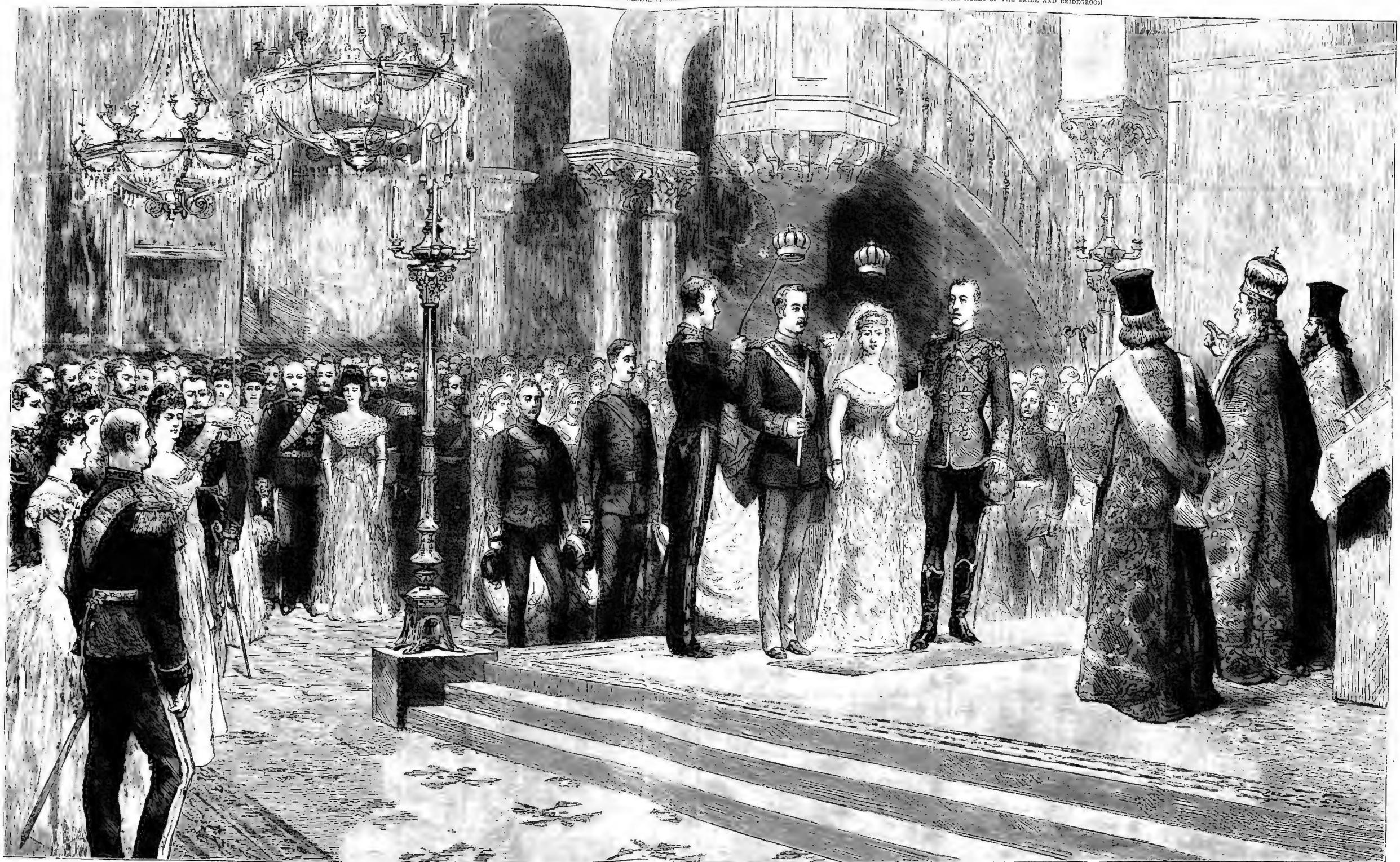
**NOVEMBER FRUIT TREES** bear the best. Such is a gardener's axiom, and should be borne in mind by those who wish to add to their plantations. Nothing, next to early planting, is so important as thoroughly to mix and blend the soil before planting, adding manure where necessary, and placing old rotten turf round the roots to give them the first start. Many fruit trees are permanently crippled through being planted too deeply in the land, especially where the water in the land at any time rises near the surface.

**FOREST TREES** should also be planted at this time of the year, but with reference to the subject of trees in general the discussion of the hour is rather over pruning than planting. The good old slashing school, which cut off branches freely, and urged that the others did the better therewith, is now vigorously assailed by the persons who state that every branch of a tree is of service to it, and should not be removed. There is now, in fact, a "naturalistic" school in forestry as well as in Art. The motto of this school is to prune when young, to nip off unneeded growths while still soft, and to reduce the removal of hard timber to an absolute minimum.

**HOPS.**—We have just received from the Board of Agriculture a Government estimate of the yield of hops in 1889. It will be remembered that about a month ago we were enabled to give the return of area, and had then to deplore a fall from 58,490 to 57,724 acres. Seeing this reduction in the area, it is particularly gratifying to learn that the good yield per acre has much more than made up the deficiency. The total yield for 1889 is 497,811 cwt., against 281,291 cwt. last year, and the return is of 862 cwt. to every hundred acres, against 481 cwt. last year.

**WHEAT SALES** since harvest amount to 650,000 qrs. at 187 market towns, and are estimated at 1,950,000 qrs. for the entire kingdom. The average price last quoted was 30*s.* 3*d.* per qr., which was 3*s.* 8*d.* below the average of the past seven years. As the weekly deliveries are more than 10 per cent. above the mean, farmers have only themselves to thank for a depression in prices. In the same period of 1888, 452,244 qrs. were sold at the 187 statute markets.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES HOLDING THE CROWNS ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM



THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE AND THE PRINCESS SOPHIE OF PRUSSIA—THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE CATHEDRAL AT ATHENS

## THE GRAPHIC



EAST and WEST have been closely united this week by the Royal meetings in TURKEY and EGYPT. The Sultan has entertained the German Emperor with true Oriental splendour, while the Khedive's greeting to the Prince of Wales was no less hearty, though not so ceremonious. But, however quiet, the Prince's visit has not failed to arouse plentiful comment on the strength of the English power in Egypt, particularly from French critics, their jealousy being deepened by the immense progress of the country under British control since the Prince was at Cairo nearly fourteen years ago. Turkey could offer no such signs of progress to her Imperial guests, but hid her defects by the magnificence of her welcome. Constantinople was transformed for the occasion: all the troops had new uniforms; flags, decorations, and illuminations abounded; while presents and Orders rained down mutually upon the Sovereigns and their suites. The German guests worked hard at sight-seeing during their five days' stay; indeed, the Emperor scoured the whole neighbourhood of the capital throughout the day, gala banquets and fireworks filling the evenings. To German eyes, the most interesting feature of the programme was a review of the Turkish troops, who showed to the greatest advantage under the German training they have lately undergone, and thoroughly delighted Emperor William. At present, indeed, German influence distinctly predominates at the Porte, Teutonic officials being found in all branches of the service, while Emperor William's cordiality and pleasure at his reception have drawn the bond closer. The Emperor and Empress left on Wednesday, amid every sign of friendliness on both sides, and visit Corfu and the Italian King and Queen at Monza on their way home. After long insisting that this Imperial meeting had no political significance, official opinion in Germany now as energetically declares that the Emperor's visit is an event of the highest importance to the peace of Europe. Emperor William is announced as "the bearer of a great and blessed civilising mission," and the most optimistic views are expressed respecting universal goodwill and concord among all nations. The Germans expect the exchange of personal opinions between the Turkish and German Sovereigns to bring about a satisfactory re-adjustment of the Eastern Question, and to improve the domestic condition of Turkey, besides defining her position towards the Triple Alliance, and they further point to the cordial meeting of Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky as supporting their hopes. Austria, though not enthusiastic, regards the situation favourably, and Russia, while bitterly jealous, adopts a very moderate tone, insisting that Turkey must see the wisdom of retaining her neutral attitude.

Domestic politics in GERMANY claim less attention at home than foreign affairs. The Budget has passed the first reading in the Reichstag with little noteworthy opposition, while the new Socialist law is discussed in very lukewarm style, though it is pretty certain to be rejected. Nor does the new White Book on East African affairs submitted to the House contain anything fresh, but Parliament will shortly fully discuss the subject, as the Government propose to bring forward a Bill asking for additional credits for the Wissmann Expedition. Colonial enthusiasm, however, has been suddenly checked by the disastrous news of Dr. Peters's Expedition. It is reported from Zanzibar that the German leader, with all his party except two, have been massacred in Masailand. Dr. Peters was last heard of at Korkoro, on the Tana River, on September 8th, and this melancholy intelligence has been brought by the two survivors to Ngao. Only the other day the German Committee decided to recall the explorer.

With the closing of the Exhibition on Wednesday, FRANCE returns to her more normal conditions, and the opening of the Chambers on Tuesday will restore that political energy and contest which has almost died out during the past few weeks. The Exhibition has brought undoubted prosperity to the country, for while Paris has profited most, the provinces have also felt the impetus given to trade and the great increase of traffic. To the last, crowds poured into the Exhibition, and the night *fête* on Wednesday was a brilliant ending to the six months festivities which have thronged Paris with visitors of every nation. President Carnot gave 800/- to the poor to celebrate the event. There is little beyond Exhibition news, save that the Franco-Italian quarrel over Tunis continues unabated, the French abusing Signor Crispi and M. Ferry with equal impartiality, while M. Ferry himself protests that he is no enemy to Italy, and a devoted son of France, if his policy may be sometimes unfortunate. The Parisians commemorated their dead as warmly as ever on All Saints' and Souls' Days, when the cemeteries were nearly impassable, and the mourners afterwards cheered themselves by thronging to M. Daudet's new play at the Gymnase, *La Lutte pour la Vie*—a bitter satire on the masculine selfishness of the period, which is pronounced one of the author's cleverest productions, though most unpleasant in tone. Paris is very discontented with her water-supply, as even after the recent heavy rains, many quarters are obliged to drink Seine water, which is likely to produce epidemics.

Prince Ferdinand has returned to BULGARIA in a most hopeful spirit, which also coloured his Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Sobranje on Sunday. He dwelt proudly on the good order and tranquillity of the country, together with "the progress and contentment of my well-beloved people," adding that since his accession the "Bulgarian people have not only acquired the sympathy of the civilised world, but have also deserved the eulogy of one of the most valiant and wise monarchs—(i.e., the Austrian Emperor)—as well as of the most celebrated statesmen of Europe." Much to the general disappointment, the Prince said nothing about his marriage. SERVIA expects Ministerial changes, for the Radical M. Patchitch will probably replace General Gruitch as Premier, while amongst other retiring Ministers will be M. Taushanovitch, who has become so unpopular through his severity towards the Press and expelling the foreign correspondents. Impartial accounts from CRETE coincide with Chakir Pasha's official report that the Turkish outrages have been much magnified. It would seem that Chakir does not agree with his subordinates, who advocate sterner measures than the conciliatory course favoured by the Governor. Moreover, the Cretans are so divided among themselves that the pacification is thus rendered more difficult, while the Turkish Governor complains bitterly that the Greeks are stealthily endeavouring to create fresh disturbances.

INDIA intends to welcome Prince Albert Victor most hospitably when he lands at Bombay to-day (Saturday). The day will be kept as a public holiday throughout the Presidency, and the Duke of Connaught, Lord Reay, and numerous native potentates will receive the Prince, who spends his first week at Poona. Thence he proceeds to Hyderabad, Baroda, and Madras, sailing for Burma about December 16th. The Prince's visit produces much demonstration of native loyalty, the Sikhs taking the opportunity to publicly rebuke Dhuleep Singh for his recent manifesto, inviting them to rebel against the Queen. Thus, the Sikhs at Gujranwala circulate a lengthy reply, pointing out the blessings of British rule in contrast to the past bad government, and declaring "your claims

are the subject of universal ridicule. The British Government is unequalled for justice among all earthly Governments. We are loyal to the British and will fight against you. We have not yet forgotten your ancestors' tyrannical rule." Similar loyalty has been shown along the North-Western frontier during the Viceroy's tour, which included a visit to the Khyber Pass and a grand parade at Peshawur. On the other hand, influential Brahmins in Calcutta fan the agitation against the Mamludars' Indemnity Bill, threatening to get the matter brought before the Home Parliament.

After long preliminaries, the UNITED STATES now officially include two new States in the Union, President Harrison having formally proclaimed the incorporation of North and South Dakota. But both these States are in great trouble through the failure of the harvest, which causes wide destitution, while another Western disaster is the premature winter in Colorado. A terrible snow-storm raged for two days, blocking the railways and freezing to death hundreds of horses and cattle. In the Cronin trial, the evidence is very strong against Bourke as the man who hired the cottage where Cronin was murdered. Several convicts in the Winnipeg Penitentiary, where Bourke was first imprisoned, assert that he gave them a circumstantial account of the murder. The State elections have largely resulted in a Democratic success, after a fierce contest.

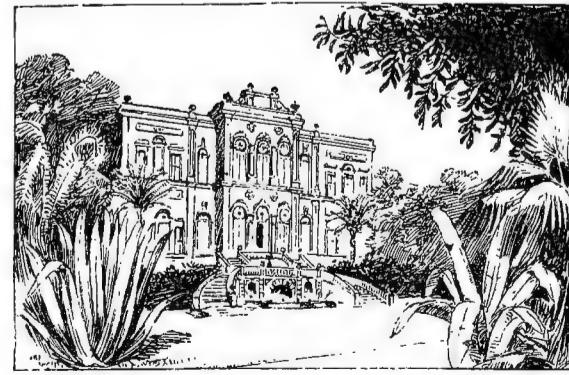
The scheme of Federation for AUSTRALIA is put forward very forcibly by the New South Wales Government. Like New Zealand, this colony has never joined the Federal Council formed four years ago by the other colonies to deal with affairs of common Australian interest. When General Edwardes, who had been sent out to report on colonial defence, recommended the federal action of Australian troops, the Victorian Premier suggested to Sir Henry Parkes that the Federal Council might carry out the recommendation. In his reply, Sir Henry Parkes firmly denies that the Council has any such power, and states that New South Wales will never be persuaded to join that body. Nevertheless he believes that Federal Government is absolutely necessary, and therefore invites Victoria to join in forming a National Convention to devise and report on the best scheme. Each colony might send six members to the Convention, chosen equally from political parties, four being contributed by the Assembly, and two by the Council. Probably the most satisfactory Federation scheme would follow the type of the Canadian Government, with a Governor-General, Privy Council, and Parliament—including Senate and House of Commons.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The severe torrential rains in Northern ITALY have caused disastrous floods, extending southwards to Rome, and northwards to Canton Tessin in SWITZERLAND.—Strikes in BELGIUM continue serious. The miners round Mons and Charleroi are very excited, and demand that a Council of Industry and Labour should regulate the differences between masters and men.—RUSSIA has been indulging in exciting financial speculation. The new Lottery Loan of 245 million roubles is intended to relieve the Agrarian Bank, for the benefit of the impecunious nobility who have mortgaged their estates to the Bank, and cannot pay their interest to keep the concern afloat. Crowds besieged the banks in St. Petersburg to take up the loan, which has been covered quite a hundred times over.—In SOUTH AFRICA, the Premier of Cape Colony has distinctly pronounced in favour of Swaziland being handed over to the Transvaal under certain conditions, such as supporting the development of British authority northward, and promoting railway extension from Cape Colony through the Orange Free State to the Vaal River. He praises the British South African Company as a noble enterprise, whose policy was identical with that of the Cape Government.



THE QUEEN has entertained a few visitors at Balmoral. Lieutenant-Colonel Money, commanding the guard of honour at Ballater, dined with the Royal party at the end of last week, Lieutenants the Hon. A. D. Murray and H. R. Lumsden being afterwards received; while on Saturday night Sir E. Malet arrived on a visit and dined with Her Majesty. Next morning, the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the Castle, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating, and in the evening Sir E. Malet again joined the Royal party at dinner. Mr. Ritchie arrived on Monday as Minister-in-Attendance. The Queen drives as usual, and has visited the school at Lochnagar with the Princess Beatrice.

The Prince of Wales has enjoyed a most successful visit to Egypt. Bad weather having delayed the *Osborne* on her voyage from Athens, the Prince and Prince George landed at Ismailia, instead of Alexandria, having seen off Prince Albert Victor in the *Oceania* for Bombay. After visiting the battle-field at Tel-el-Kebir, the Princes went on to Cairo, where they stayed at the Ghizeh Palace, a sketch of which is subjoined. They were greeted by the Khedive, the Ministry, most of the Diplomatic Body, and the English community. They lunched with Sir Evelyn Baring, and exchanged visits with the Khedive, who subsequently entertained his guests with a State dinner and firework display. On Saturday morning the Princes went shopping in the bazaars, and the afternoon was occupied by an imposing review of British and Egyptian troops, where the Prince of Wales created great enthusiasm by leading the



THE GHIZEH PALACE, CAIRO

British contingent past the Khedive. Afterwards the Princes dined with Sir E. Baring, and were present at Sir J. Dormer's reception. On Sunday they attended the English Church, lunched with Sir F. Grenfell, enjoyed a drive in the suburbs, and dined with the Premier, Riaz Pasha. Monday was spent in a picnic to the Pyramids, witnessing the Gymkhana Races, where the Prince gave a prize, and a private dinner with the Khedive, whom the Prince afterwards accompanied to the religious fair, Mouled-el-Nabi, held

in honour of Mahomet's birthday. Next day, the Princes left Cairo amidst a hearty farewell from Khedive and the people, and were warmly welcomed at Alexandria. The *Osborne* sailed in the afternoon for Athens, where the Prince of Wales spends his forty-eighth birthday (to-day) with his wife and family. During his absence the Princess and daughters inspected the various antiquities round Athens, visited the charitable institutions, and on Sunday attended the English Church with the Empress Frederick. The Royal party now return home via Austria, and are expected in about a fortnight at Sandringham, where the Duke and Duchess of Fife will be their first guests. The Duke and Duchess returned to town from Scotland on Tuesday; and on Thursday received the Lord Mayor, who presented a congratulatory address on their marriage.

The Duke of Edinburgh left Madrid for Paris on Saturday, after being hospitably entertained by the Queen-Regent. He accompanied Her Majesty to the Opera and to Aranjuez, was present at a State concert, and visited the Escorial. He now returns to Coburg to join the Duchess, who has been staying with the King and Queen of Wurtemberg.—Princess Christian will winter at Wiesbaden, according to medical advice. Prince Christian and his elder daughter have returned to England for a short time.—Princess Louise attended the opening entertainment of the Gordon League on Sunday night.—The Duchess of Albany has returned from Germany, and on Monday visited Guildford to support the cause of the Surrey Needlework Guild.—The Queen of Sweden will visit Bournemouth again next spring. As before, she will stay at Crag Head, on the East Cliff.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Augustus Harris is in negotiation for the production at Covent Garden, next year, of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. It is thought that no difficulty will arise with Wagner's heirs, and M. Jean de Reszke will in all probability, for the first time, play the part of Tristan. The opera is now being translated into Italian by that admirable linguist Signor Mazzucato. Gluck's *Orfeo* has likewise been decided upon, and, in all probability, Mr. Harris will also revive *Tannhäuser*. Madame Albani will, during her forthcoming tour in the United States, add to her repertory the part of Desdemona in Verdi's *Otelō*, but whether she will sing it in London has not yet been decided. The Promenade Concerts closed with Mr. Thomas's benefit on Monday, when Mr. Sims Reeves had a splendid reception, the audience indeed becoming uproarious after the eminent tenor had declined to sing a second encore. The house will now be closed for preparations for the Christmas entertainment, and will probably afterwards remain shut until the commencement of the grand opera season in May.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—Señor Sarasate took farewell of London on Friday, when, at his orchestral concert, he played once more, and in his most brilliant manner, Mendelssohn's violin concerto and his own fantasia on airs from *Carmen*. He likewise introduced a transcription for violin and orchestra of the "Sarabande" from Bach's third English suite, a transcription of Chopin's "Nocturne" in E flat, and other works. These arrangements of standard compositions are, however, not altogether commendable. On Saturday, the great violinist played Dr. Mackenzie's *Pibroch* before the students of the Royal Academy of Music, and on Sunday he sailed with Mr. Eugène D'Albert for the United States.

The students of the Royal College of Music gave an interesting orchestral concert on Thursday. The most important items of the programme were Sebastian Bach's orchestral suite in C, and Brahms' first symphony, in both of which the young people acquitted themselves very creditably. A word of commendation is likewise due to Miss Cecile Elieson for her clever performance of M. Saint-Saëns's violin "Introduction" and "Rondo Capriccioso."

At the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday Mr. Manns introduced a new composer to a British audience. Mr. F. J. Simpson is a Scotchman, now thirty-one years of age, who has studied at Leipsic, Berlin, and the National Training School. His overture, *Robert Bruce*, shows great capacity for orchestral tone-painting. It, however, partakes very little of the character of Scotch music, such local colour as it possesses being due to the employment of the ancient Scotch melody, "Hei Tuti Taiti," now associated with Burns's poem "Scots Wha Hae." Burns, it will be recollect, refers in his notes on the song to a tradition prevalent in Scotland that the tune was that to which Robert Bruce's army marched to the Battle of Bannockburn, a suggestion which is very properly扫ed by modern musical historians. At the same concert Herr Hans Wessely was recalled after a very fair performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Mrs. Hutchinson sang songs by Dr. Villiers Stanford, and M. Massenet. Three orchestral pieces from the *Mastersinger* were also given, but by far the most satisfactory item of the programme was Schumann's symphony in B flat, which has very rarely been accorded so magnificent a performance.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The programme of the Popular Concert on Saturday opened with the second of Cherubini's posthumously-published quartets. We briefly described the work when it was performed at Sir Charles Hallé's concerts last May. The quartet in F is doubtless a *tour de force* for a musician of seventy-five, but, despite the beauty of the adagio which forms the second movement, the composition is now interesting from an historical, rather than a musical, standpoint. Madame Haas and Signor Piatti performed Beethoven's Sonata in A, Op. 60. Madame Haas also introduced a piano-forte fugue by her brother, Herr Alexis Holländer, a Silesian musician, now fifty-four years of age, and resident as a teacher in Berlin, but whose name has hitherto been unknown in this country. The fugue is clever, though not particularly interesting.

On Monday the music was of a more familiar sort. It opened with the fifth of the quartets dedicated by Mozart to Haydn, and it closed with Schubert's always popular pianoforte trio in B flat, Op. 99. The only quasi-novelties were a couple of movements from Ariosti's third "Lessons" for the viola d'amore, transcribed by Signor Piatti for the violoncello, and two duets by Dvorák and Goring Thomas, charmingly sung by Miss Lena Little and Mr. Max Heinrich.

The Royal Academy Students gave a Chamber Concert on Monday, their programme including Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in C minor, and various other works, together with Wesley's anthem *Blessed be the God and Father*, and some part songs.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—The Albert Hall season opened on Wednesday last week with a performance of Berlioz's *Faust*. It is necessary now only to refer to the splendid singing of the choir which Mr. Barnby so ably directs. For the nice observance of the minutiae of light and shade, for practically perfect intonation, and for other choral excellencies this choir has now probably no superior in this country. The tenors, which have been reinforced, are a particularly fine body of voices. Madame Albani, who made her last appearance before sailing for America, was the Marguerite.

MADAME PATTI.—At the second of Madame Patti's farewell concerts on Monday, an enormous audience was again attracted to the Albert Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Mdlle. Douilly, Mr. Lloyd, and other popular artists appeared, but the attention of the audience

was, as usual, centred in Madame Patti herself, who besides the *legende* of the "Fille du Paria" from M. Delibes' *Lakmé* (encored and repeated), "Robin Adair," and the "Shadow" song from *Dinorah*, sang for encores "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Twas within a Mile." The *prima donna* again wore auburn hair, and was dressed in half-mourning for her sister, the late Madame Carlotta Patti.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Madame Patti will bid farewell to London on the 18th inst. On December 7th she opens the new Chicago Auditorium, thence going to Mexico, San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, returning to London in May.—The London Symphony Concerto, under Mr. Henschel, will begin on the 14th inst. The programmes of the season will be devoted exclusively to instrumental works without soloists.—The London Ballad Concerts will begin on the 20th inst.—It is officially stated that the profits on the Leeds Festival were 3,134/- against 2,570/- at the previous Festival. The Festival of 1889 was consequently more successful financially than any of its predecessors.—The new building of the Royal College of Music, for which Mr. Sampson Fox has generously contributed 45,000/-, will be commenced forthwith, Mr. Blomfield's plans having just been approved by the Committee, of which the Duke of Westminster is Chairman.—Madame Christine Nilsson's nephew, the Swedish tenor, Theodor Björksten, has stated to a correspondent of the *New York World* that his aunt is preparing for another tour of the United States next year.



THE scenery and costumes of *La Tosca* at the GARRICK Theatre are expected to be more than ordinarily striking and picturesque. The action of the story passes at Rome and Naples in the opening year of the present century. As regards the scenery, the ball-room of the Farnese Palace and the panorama of Rome, as seen from the terrace of the Castle of St. Angelo, are the chief features. Mrs. Bernard Beere and her associates are working hard at rehearsals, and the play is to be looked for towards the end of this month.

Why does Mr. Hare desert the stage, and restrict himself to managerial duties? This is a question much discussed by frequenters of the GARRICK. As the feebly licentious nobleman in *The Prodigal* he made a decided hit; but since the holidays he has handed over the part to another actor. In the cast of *La Tosca* he will not appear at all. Yet Baron Scarpia, assigned to Mr. Forbes Robertson, would have found in Mr. Hare an adequate representative.

Mr. Edward Terry will repeat his recent lecture on the relations of "The Church and the Stage" at the Lambeth Polytechnic, Fernside Road, Brixton, to morrow (Sunday) afternoon.

Twenty-three trial matines are stated to have been booked at TERRY'S Theatre for this winter alone. The season of these tentative representations of the works of untried dramatists commences this week, with the production at the CRITERION of *Her Own Witness*. The author is Dr. Dabbs, a medical man and amateur actor, well-known in Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

A scheme for furnishing the New Yorkers with entertainment on a vast scale has been formed under the title of "The Madison Square Garden Company," with an authorised capital of five millions of dollars. Pleasure-gounds, a "roof-garden," a theatre, a concert-hall, a tower—not so lofty as the Eiffel, but getting on that way—and an amphitheatre capable of seating twelve thousand persons, are among the features of the scheme. The whole is so forward that Mr. Samuel French, of the Strand and New York, who is jointly with his son the general manager, expects to open next April.

The daring manager who the other day produced a *pièce de circonstance*, as Frenchmen say, entitled *Florence Maybrick; or, Is She Guilty?* at the Theatre ROYAL, Wigan, without the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, has received a severe rebuke from Mr. Pigott. Such proceedings render the offender liable to a penalty of 50/- a night and loss of licence; but the daring person, who was, it appears, "only lodger," has since removed from the scene.

The "PRINCESS'S Syndicate" are prepared to open that house with Mr. Brandon Thomas's new romantic drama, entitled *The Gold Crazed*. Miss Amy Roselle will play the heroine.

The great house-on-fire scene in Mr. Boucicault's *Streets of London*, which so astonished audiences, as yet unused to such alarming stage incidents, a quarter of a century ago at the Princess's, has at last proved fatal to a theatre. It was after a representation of this piece, under a slightly altered name, and on the very day when the local fire brigade had been invited to witness the performance, that a fire broke out last week on the stage of the ROYAL VICTORIA Theatre, Stalybridge, which ended in the total destruction of the building and its contents.

SATTERLAW'S WELLS is once more unfortunate. The New River does not "run under the house," as was stated in a recently published article on the subject; nor would it be correct to say that a stream of prosperity flows in the same direction. The truth is that the day of suburban theatres is gone by, save and except those vast popular houses which furnish purely local, and not too fastidious, audiences with entertainment at low prices.

The appearance of Mr. Richard Mansfield as Richard III. at the Globe Theatre, Boston, has moved his critical admirers to more than wonted raptures. One distinguished member of their fraternity exclaims: "At last we have a tragedian who can make Bath shake in the coffin of his indifference, and a manager who can put tragedy upon the stage with the artistic ability of Irving."

Fifty pounds' worth of programmes were sold on the occasion of the Maud Brennan benefit at the AVENUE Theatre to the occupants of the stalls and dress circle alone. The explanation is that half-a-dozen popular actresses, moved by sympathy for Miss Brennan's unfortunate accident, undertook to dispose of these attires at "any price they could get" from susceptible playgoers. One gentleman is stated to have given a guinea for his bill; but then it was graced with an autograph of Miss Annie Hughes.

There is to be a farewell banquet to Mr. Toole preparatory to his departure for the United States. The Duke of Fife will take the chair; and Mr. Irving will, if possible, be there, and a host of friends are certain to gather.

A German version of Mr. Pinero's play *The Prodigal* will be produced at the Residenz Theatre, in Berlin. The author is stated to have stipulated that the piece is to be translated—not "adapted" by changing the scene to Germany or otherwise.

We are reminded that Mr. W. G. Wills has been beforehand with Mr. Robert Buchanan in dramatising Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. A version made for Miss Isabel Bateman was completed six months ago, and publicly announced early in August.

The Rev. Nicholas Knight, of Birmingham, has expressed the opinion that no actor could play Mephistopheles, nor actress Margaret, for three hundred nights without "suffering in moral health." This is bad news for Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—*Tuppins and Co.* still continue their main attraction at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, but on Monday evening Mr. Corney Grain introduced a new musical

sketch, in which, under the title of "I've Taken a House," he deals in his usual humorous style with various topics connected with the responsibilities of householding, such as tax-gatherers, plumbers, the modern method of furnishing, and the recent anti-rabies ukase. His song, "Oh! have they gone and muzzled thee?" (the reference being to an elderly and toothless specimen of the canine race) caused much merriment.

### INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS

I.

ALTHOUGH the present exhibition of this Society will not be memorable for any work of supreme importance, it contains at least an average amount of interesting matter. In landscape and pictures of the sea it is very strong, and though some of the figure painters whose works formed especially interesting features in former displays are not exhibitors, there are several small *genre* pictures of remarkable excellence. Entering the west gallery we are confronted by a large composition, entitled "A Royal Palace," by Mr. J. J. Fullleylove, representing the garden front of Hampton Court Palace with entirely foreign surroundings, including a short avenue of ancient trees, and richly sculptured fountains rising from a lake in the foreground. Without any appearance of studied artifice, the different elements of the work are admirably combined. It is as delicate in its gradations of colour and as harmonious in general effect as anything that he has produced. On the same wall hang two small Dutch interiors with figures, "Contentment" and "A Frugal Meal," by Mr. Hugh Carter, resembling the work of Israels in their broad simplicity of treatment and low-toned harmony of colour. Mr. Chevallier Tayler's "A Quiet Afternoon," representing two inanimate women seated in a commonplace room, is as skilfully executed as the larger picture of the same subject he exhibited at the Academy, and not more interesting. It is refreshing to meet with anything by Mr. J. R. Reid so good as his two Cornish coast scenes, "When the Flowing Tide Comes In" and "The Gift of the Sea." For the last two or three years he seems to have looked at nature through an orange-coloured medium, but the present works are exquisitely luminous, and suggestive of the breezy freshness of sea air. In both, the foreground figures are coarsely painted and with an unmeaning excess of impasto, but when seen from a little distance they bear their right relation to the other parts of the work. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's winter scene, with leafless trees, and a flock of sheep driven through the snow, and illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun, is poetical in feeling and impressive. In his large and vigorously painted "An Essex Common," Mr. E. M. Wimperis has succeeded in giving a vivid impression of moving atmosphere and bright daylight.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie, in his "Lull Before a Storm," hanging in the Central Gallery, has attempted, not without success, to render a transient and impressive effect of nature. The scene is a tidal river, with smoky steam-tugs and barges such as he has often painted, but it is seen under the influence of a stormy evening sky. The colour in some parts is rather harsh, but the deep red sun sinking behind the rapidly drifting clouds, and the gleaming light on the still placid surface of the water are most faithfully depicted. The picture throughout bears evidence of close observation and study. Mr. F. Walton's "Leith Hill," with towering pine trees and a profusion of tangled undergrowth in the foreground, is marked by his accustomed accuracy in the delineation of natural form, but a little monotonous in colour. Mr. Walton, like several other landscape painters belonging to the Society, is never quite so successful in oil as in water-colour. Mr. Thomas Collier's "Mill Stream and Lock" is an excellent example of his work, spacious in effect, full of atmosphere and daylight, and conveying a vivid impression of the fulness of nature without any elaboration of detail.

Mr. F. D. Millet, in his "Rook and Pigeon," has treated a well-worn subject with remarkable ability. The two men playing at cards in a picturesque seventeenth-century interior are admirable realisations of strongly-contrasted character, natural and spontaneous in expression and gesture. The picture is remarkable, moreover, for its broad illumination and unity of effect, and for the subtle skill with which the complicated reflections of light and colour on various surfaces are rendered. Mr. Frank Dadd is not so well represented as on some former occasions; but the quaint and sympathetic old gentleman showing pictures to a little girl seated beside him on a wide window-seat in his small picture, "The Scrap-Book," is an admirable piece of character-painting. A small picture of Venetian girls lazily lounging under a fig-tree, by Mr. S. Melton Fisher, is true in local colour, and highly finished, but wants the freshness and vitality to be seen in some of his previous works of the kind. Nothing could well be more inappropriate than the title—"In Maiden Meditation, Fancy Free"—that Mr. Raven Hill has given to his picture representing a girl lying in bed, with one hand resting on a yellow-covered French novel, and the other holding a mirror that reflects her commonplace and unattractive face. Except a certain breadth and dexterity of handling, it has no quality of art to redeem its essential vulgarity. Mr. John Charlton's "Waiting to See the Princess, Rotten Row," is a faithful and animated picture of modern London life, remarkable chiefly for the skilful grouping and masterly draughtsmanship of the horses. A rather large picture representing a traveller of the last century arriving at a village inn, "Good Entertainment for Man and Beast," by Mr. G. G. Kilburne, jun., bears evidence of careful study, and is finished throughout with elaborate completeness, but, by reason of its extreme formality of composition, and the unnatural neatness of the stable-boy and groom, conveys a sense of artificiality.

Mr. Adrian Stokes's picture of sheep browsing on "A Bank where the Wild Thyme Grows," with a glimpse of deep blue sea behind, is very similar in subject to several of his previous works, and is as large in style, as luminous in tone, and as spacious in effect as any of them. Among other good landscapes on the same wall are Mr. J. Herbert Snell's vaporous "Summer," Mr. F. Percy Callard's "The White House"—both strongly resembling the work of Corot; Mr. Charles Thornely's delicately-toned study of a Dutch mill, "Low Water;" Mr. Alexander Mann's broadly-handled and suggestive sketch, "Fresh Pastures;" and a view of a rocky ravine, "The Linn Pool," by Mr. Robert Noble, rich and harmonious in colour, poetical in feeling, and combining classic beauty of composition with fidelity to natural fact.

LONDON MORTALITY increased very slightly last week. The deaths numbered 1,317, against 1,310 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 7, but 348 below the average, while the death-rate was 15·8 per 1,000. The scarlet-fever epidemic shows some sign of diminution, for the fatalities declined to 20 (a fall of 7), while fewer cases were admitted to the London hospitals during the week, although 1,500 patients are under treatment. Diphtheria is still high, for though the deaths decreased to 31 from 37, they were 12 above the average. There were 22 fatal cases of measles (a rise of 5), 21 of whooping-cough (a decline of 1), 19 from enteric fever (a fall of 2), and 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an advance of 2). Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 300 (an increase of 19), but were 117 below the average, and different forms of violence caused 59 casualties. There were 2,623 births registered, being an advance of 45, but 267 under the usual return.



RIPE RASPBERRIES were gathered last week from several sheltered gardens in East Kent.

MOUNTAIN RAILWAY SCHEMES grow apace. A line from Lauterbrunnen, over the Wengern Alp, to Grindelwald is the latest proposition.

NATIONAL MOURNING IN PORTUGAL for the late King will be visible on most of the public buildings for a whole year. According to custom, the Royal arms on any monument, institution, or Government office, must be veiled in crape for twelve months on the death of the Sovereign.

A "STRUGGLEFORLIFER" is the extraordinary designation coined across the Channel for the hero of M. Daudet's new play, now creating so much interest in Paris. Sometimes the new noun is spelt "struggleforlifeur," while the actors and actresses at the Gymnase find the British consonants so unpronounceable that they turn the word into "strenguelaiff."

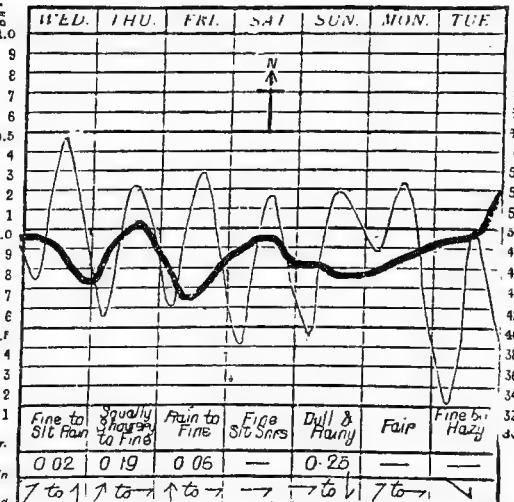
DR. SCHLEIMANN will begin fresh excavations next month on the site of ancient Troy. He intends to work at the lower part of the city, to refute Dr. Bötticher's denial of its existence, and invites the Academies of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna to send archaeological experts for a month at a time in order that they may bear witness to the truth of his investigations. Dr. Schliemann himself will defray their expenses.

THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL to the late Crown Prince of Austria at Meyerling was dedicated on All Souls' Day—last Saturday. The Emperor attended the first Mass celebrated in the tiny Gothic chapel formed out of Prince Rudolph's bedroom, the beautiful altar occupying the very spot where the Prince expired. Twenty-one Carmelite sisters now inhabit the rest of the château, which has been turned into a regular nunnery, with cells, refectory, &c. His Majesty chose the Carmelites as one of the most rigid Orders, for the sisters never receive visitors, never eat meat, and rise thrice in the night to pray. Another building close to the château is set apart as an almshouse for twelve invalid gamekeepers and foresters of the Meyerling estate. Prince Rudolph's tomb in the Capuchin Church at Vienna was thronged on All Souls' Day, the vault being lighted with tall wax tapers, while flowers covered the Prince's coffin. His widow, and the little daughter, Archduchess Elizabeth, had sent wreaths inscribed "Von deiner Stephanie" and "Von deiner Erzei."

THE EIFFEL TOWER has completely repaid its cost, and the shareholders will now receive back the last fifth of their capital. They will still enjoy dividends from the profits, however, as the Tower belongs to the Company for twenty years, after which it will become State property. In future the public will be admitted from ten to four at the charge of four francs for weekdays, and two francs on Sunday. One lift will be retained, besides two restaurants on the first platform, the two others being converted into a reading-room and concert-hall. One of the little postal balloons despatched from the Tower was found the day after at Rosenberg, in Western Prussia. Very few accidents have occurred in the Exhibition, but a small fire broke out last week in the Fine Art Department, and damaged three pictures before it was got under, and a girl was run over and killed this week by one of the trains on the Décauville miniature railway.—Up to October 31st the admissions to the Exhibition reached 23,912,000 against 12,148,000 in 1878. Lately the chief visitors have been provincials, while the cheapness of the tickets greatly increased the admission of working-people. The Exhibition Lottery is nearly all taken up, and the drawings will shortly commence. A printer, M. Franssen, has secured the grand prize of 20,000/-, but will have to pay a royalty of 600/- to the State.

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1889.



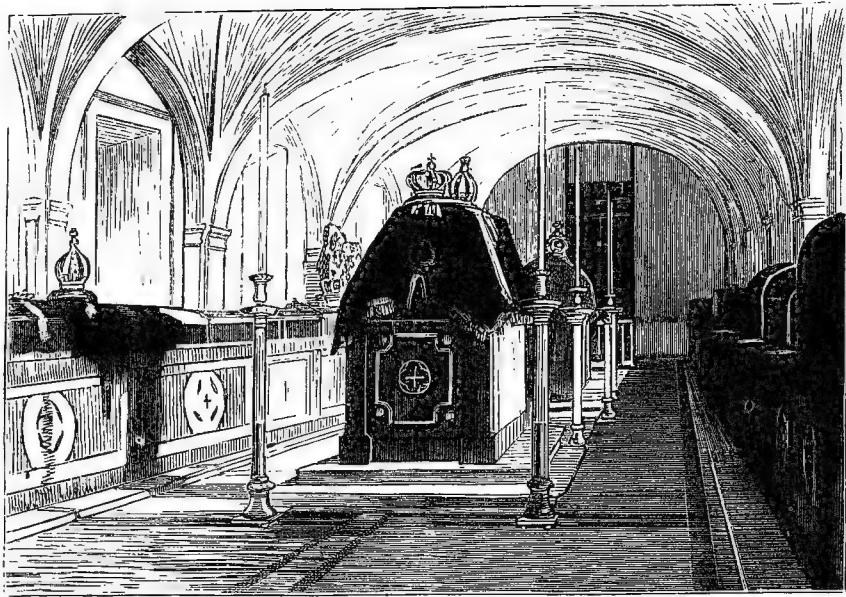
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (5th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has again been very rainy in all parts of the United Kingdom, while at one time strong winds or gales were experienced very generally, with hail squalls in the North of Ireland. At the beginning of the time some low-pressure systems were skirting our North-West Coasts in a North-Easterly direction, and these caused strong South-Westerly winds in many places, with heavy rainfall at some of our Western Stations. In the course of Thursday night (3rd ult.) another and much more important depression advanced from the Westward to the North of Ireland, and subsequently moved away in a North Easterly direction. This disturbance produced heavy rains in the West, and strong winds or gales on all coasts; in the West they blew chiefly from the West or South, and in the East and North from South or South-East. Over the North-West Coasts the Westerly gale was somewhat severe. At the close of the week other depressions had advanced to our area from the Westward—one to our Northern Coasts, and another over France. Thus while the winds backed to the Southward, and freshened somewhat in the North and West with rain, while fog prevailed in the South, the weather on the whole was at this time very fair in most places. The highest daily temperatures fell just short of 60° at the beginning of the period over the South of England and in the Channel, while the lowest of the minimum readings touched the freezing point in London and at Cambridge, and showed slight frost over Central England and over Scotland.

The barometer was highest (30·13 inches) on Thursday (3rd ult.); lowest (29·63 inches) on Friday (1st inst.); range 0·50 inch.

The temperature was highest (59°) on Wednesday (30th ult.); lowest (32°) on Tuesday (4th inst.); range 27°.

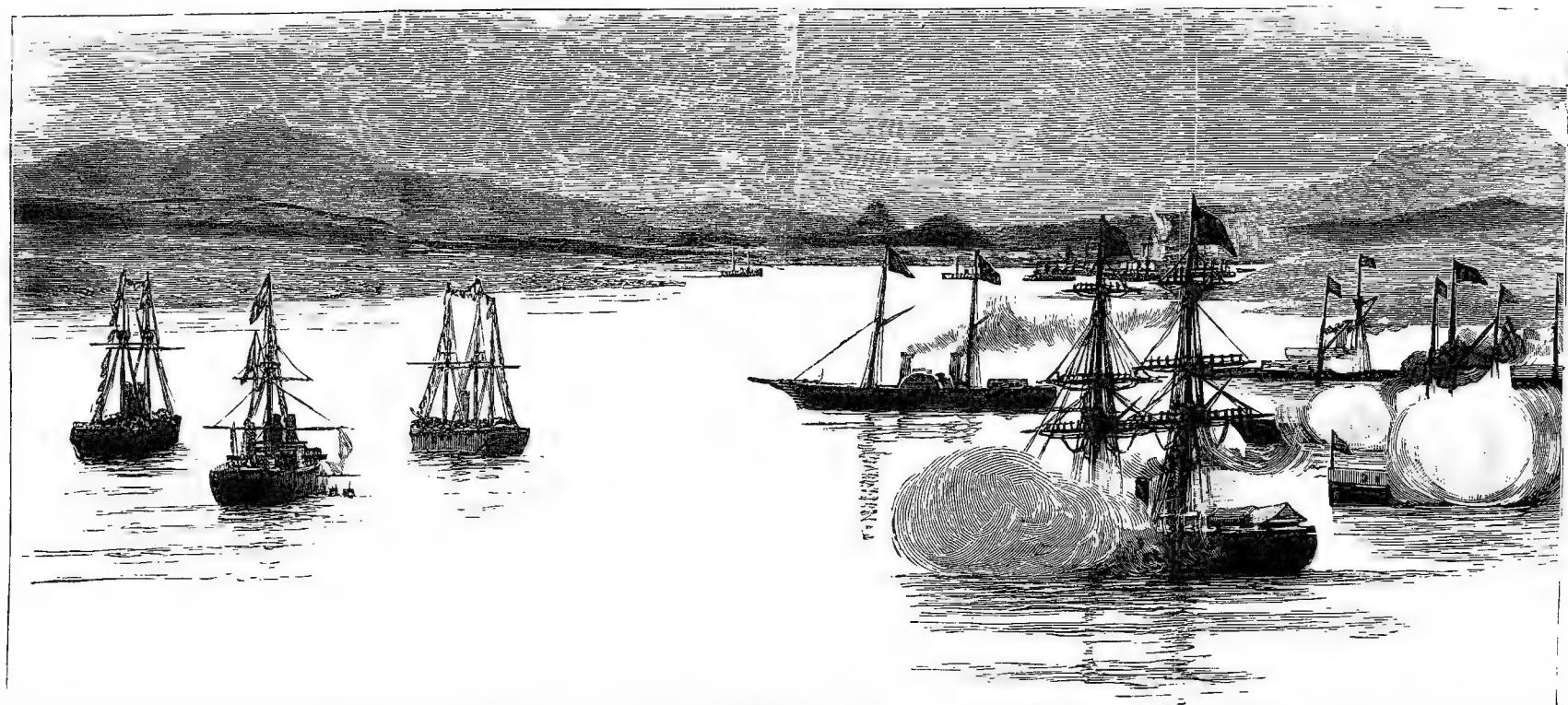
Rain fell on four days. Total fall 0·52 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0·25 inch on Sunday (3rd inst.).



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Regina," "The Inner House," &amp;c.&lt;/



**POLITICAL.**—The First Lord of the Treasury addressed, on Tuesday, an immense gathering of Unionists at Glasgow in a speech, which was not only, as a matter of course, very sensible, but was also very spirited. In a striking passage of it, commenting on Mr. Gladstone's recent recommendation of a Scotch candidate who had declared himself in favour of that nationalisation of the land which had been once described by Mr. Gladstone himself as robbery, Mr. W. H. Smith administered a severe and opportune rebuke to the ex-Premier and some of his followers. Time was, he said, when if politicians could not stay a current of tendency which they believed to be wrong, they stood aloof from it, and expressed disapproval of it. But now they are in the habit of saying in regard to Disestablishment, or any measure of spoliation, that if the majority of the people wish for it, they will offer no opposition to it, and in point of fact will facilitate its progress. To pursue the old and straightforward course would have an enormous influence over the masses of the people, who have right instincts, and who, instead of being led by statesmen, are led nowadays by demagogues.—The Conference between the representatives of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists at Birmingham was held on Monday. The only remaining difference between the two sections was involved in the claim of the Conservatives to the seat in the Central Division now held by a Liberal Unionist, Mr. J. A. Bright, eldest son of Mr. John Bright. Mr. Chamberlain renewed his former recommendations, a canvass of the electors to ascertain the numerical strength of the two sections in that Division, and in view of disagreement, a reference of the question at issue to the conjoined arbitrament of Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington. The Conference was to meet again next Monday.—Representatives of the Labour and Socialist parties in Newcastle rigorously catechised Mr. John Morley on Monday, on the various articles of their comprehensive creed. They elicited from him that he had "no objection in principle" to manhood suffrage; that he was in favour of shorter Parliaments than the present and of free education, and that he was opposed to plural voting, and to the maintenance of the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. Some attempts to "draw" him on the question of Home Rule were quite unsuccessful, and at last the pertinacity of his catechists so far ruffled his philosophical serenity as to provoke him into asking:—"What was the object of putting him through these steeplechases and over these ditches?"

LORD SALISBURY, at the first annual dinner of the lately-formed Institute of Electrical Engineers, in responding to the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers, gave a brilliant sketch of the useful and marvellous results of applied electrical science. Looking into the future, he anticipated for it great social benefits to the masses from the facilities given by it for the distribution of power. The steam-engine can act solely in its own immediate neighbourhood, and had thus given rise to an unnatural, and often unwholesome, aggregation of toilers in vast factories and great manufacturing towns. He hoped for such an organisation of the distribution of electrical power as, by enabling the artisan to turn on power as we now turn on gas, would also enable men and women to pursue in their own homes many of the industries which now require agglomeration at the factory.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, at its weekly meeting on Tuesday, came to several very significant decisions, arising out of statements made in a report from its Parliamentary Committee. One of these decisions was approval of a Bill, prepared by the

Committee, for the removal of certain bars in the Bloomsbury region, and containing no provision for compensation. Another statement related to instructions given by the Committee to the solicitors charged with drawing up the Bill empowering the Council to effect the widening of the Strand, previously referred to in this column. These instructions embodied some novel principles. One was to include in the Bill a provision that owners of property in the Strand district, not purchased by the Council but likely to be improved by the operations of the scheme, should be required to contribute towards the expense of the improvements in proportion to the enhancement of the value of their property through the improvements. Another instruction was that in the Bill the provision usual in such cases for compensation as laid down in the Lands Clauses Consolidations Acts should be varied, so that no compensation should be given on account of the compulsory element in the purchase of the property to be acquired by the Council, but that the amount of compensation to be given should be "agreed to at a fair value, having regard to all the circumstances." The motion that the course taken by the Council should be approved was confronted by an amendment that the report should be referred back to the Committee, on the ground that these instructions had not been previously sanctioned by the Council. On a division the amendment was lost by a majority of 30, 39 members voting for it, 69 against it. A vote of thanks to the chairman, Lord Rosebery, for his uniform courtesy and impartiality during his tenure of office, adopted unanimously and suitably acknowledged by him, was followed by a similar compliment to the Vice-Chairman, Sir John Lubbock.

A BARONETCY has been conferred on the retiring Lord Mayor, the bestowal on whom of this well deserved honour has been generally and cordially welcomed. On Tuesday, when Sir James Whitehead entertained at dinner the Commanding Officers of the Metropolitan Volunteer Regiments, he was presented by the Duke of Westminster, on behalf of fellow-officers, with a richly gilt silver dessert service in recognition of his services in establishing the Patriotic Volunteer Equipment Fund. In a speech at the banquet, Sir James Whitehead said that he had succeeded fairly well in the matter of Volunteer equipment, and that he could not have so succeeded but for the very favourable consideration which the War Office had bestowed on his proposal.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Mr. William Dorid, who filled many important diplomatic posts, the last of them being that of Secretary to the Embassy at St. Petersburg, to which, after thirty-two years' service, he was appointed in 1873; in his eighty-first year, of Major-General Sir George Hutt, from 1863 to 1866, Registrar and Secretary to the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital, who, in command of a battery of artillery, materially contributed to the victories of Meane and Hyderabad, and afterwards, during the Indian Mutiny, by his prompt and decisive action, checkmated the mutinous regiments at Kurrachee; in his sixty-third year, of Major-General Edward Davidson, R.E.; in his ninetieth year, of Colonel J. W. G. Ouseley, formerly Professor of Arabic and Persian at Haileybury College; of Mr. Francis E. Wright, late Commissioner of the Imperial Chinese Customs; in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. Spencer Vincent, the well-known conveyancer, editor of the fourth edition of "Jarmin on Wills," an accomplished water-colour painter, and one of the founders of the Dudley Gallery; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. William L. Sargent, who was the first Chairman of the Birmingham School Board, and author of several works, the most interesting of them being that on the Life and Philosophy of Robert Owen; in his seventy-ninth year, of Mr. Thomas Hawkins, an eminent palaeontologist, author of works explaining and illustrating the great collection of fossil saurian remains now in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington; and in his seventy-eighth year, of Sir Francis Pittis, eight times Mayor of Newport, Isle of Wight, and a Jubilee Knight.



THE PRIMATE has promised his "best consideration" to the statements and appeal to him made in a memorial from the Protestant Alliance, who ask him to employ his influence to prevent such Romish practices as in their opinion were followed at the recent dedication by the Bishop of Southwell, of the church at Clumber.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, addressing a crowded meeting of working men at Liverpool on Tuesday, gave emphatic expression to his belief that the Church of Rome would not furnish forth the religion of the future. As for their own Church, he confessed to some anxious feelings. He longed sometimes to ask those who promoted an ornate kind of service, "How do you think that to be consistent with the practice of the national Church?"

ONE OF OUR FEW EVANGELICAL PRELATES, the Bishop of Liverpool, regards resignation as a possibility. Opening his eighth Diocesan Conference on Monday, Dr. Ryle referred to his advanced age and to the blow inflicted on him by the recent loss of his wife, adding that the time could not be very far distant when the work of his Diocese would oblige him either to resign his episcopal office or to obtain the aid of a Suffragan.

THE NEW PARISH CHURCH OF HORNSEY, referred to in this column last week, was consecrated on Saturday afternoon by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Marlborough and the Rector of Hornsey, the Rev. J. Jeake, taking part in the service. Both prelates spoke at a subsequent luncheon, the Bishop of London remarking that for the wealthy there was more than sufficient room in the old church, but they wanted a church for the poor as well.

THE PROMOTERS of the establishment of a new See of Birmingham have come to the conclusion that the probable cost of founding and maintaining the Bishopric will be a sum of about 90,000*l.* It is expected that a complete scheme will be formulated for presentation to the public meeting on the subject to be held in January.

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY, Dr. Payne Smith, who belongs to the Evangelical party in the Church, has written a letter to the Secretary of the Church Association, in which he frankly says:—"In my humble opinion the prosecutions on which you so rashly enter are detrimental to the best interests of us Evangelicals. You have failed in abating any one ritual excess, and by the reaction from your proceedings you have given vitality and strength to many extreme doctrines. Among such I reckon the view that the clergy are to be tried only by Spiritual Courts."

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Salisbury has given a suitable site for the new church required through the increasing population of Barking.—Sir John L. A. Simmons, formerly Governor of Malta, has been appointed Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary to the Pope on a mission relating to questions connected with Papal jurisdiction over the Roman Catholic Church in that island.—Mrs. Moorhouse, wife of the Bishop of Manchester, opening a bazaar held to assist in paying off a debt on the Rochdale Parish Church, defended such bazaars on the ground that, as long as there were people who could devote time and skill, but not money, to the service of the Church, it was right thus to utilise their aid.—St. Peter's, Cornhill, which traditionally, at least, is the oldest of any foundation in England, was re-opened for public worship on Sunday, after having been thoroughly repaired, re-decorated, and cleansed. The old church was destroyed in the Fire of London, and the present one was built by Wren. The weekly morning lecture, founded in 1626, was to be resumed on Thursday, this week.

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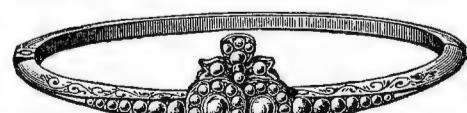
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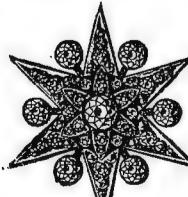
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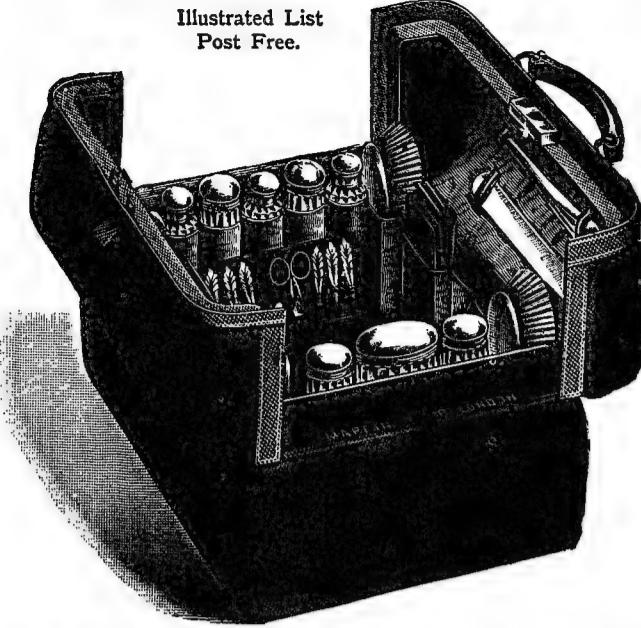
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## MANCHESTER

FEW large cities impress a visitor less favourably than does Manchester upon his first arrival. The heavy and smoke-laden atmosphere, the damp and usually gloomy climate, the dingy colour of the streets and buildings, lead him, at first sight, to the conclusion that little has been done towards the architectural embellishments of this vast industrial town. A longer acquaintance, however, with the place will serve to convince him that very great efforts, sometimes attended with marked success, have been made, especially of late years, to invest the place with architectural magnificence. When our artist was making sketches for the Bird's-eye View which we publish he was most singularly fortunate. The weather was hot, had been dry for several weeks, and was remarkably clear; in fact, upon one Saturday afternoon on ascending to the window at the top of the Exchange Station, which the authorities kindly granted for his use, every building in the town was distinctly visible, and the detail of the old Cathedral, the Exchange, the Town Hall, and the more distant structures, such as the City Police Courts and the Victoria University, were sharply defined in the clear brilliant sunlight. The great panorama which lay extended before his eyes was that of anything but an ugly city, and seen under such circumstances Manchester presented an aspect of no little architectural dignity and magnificence. The graceful pinnacles and traceried parapets of the Cathedral, its elaborate Perpendicular windows and massive tower, made a most remarkable foreground object, though unfortunately dwarfed by the vast hotels and buildings in its vicinity, the Italian Campanile and the Exchange; the classical outlines of the New Post Office, and the somewhat *bizarre*, but not unpictureque roofs and towers of Lewis's and Watt's added to the variety of the scene, whereas the towers and pinnacles of Mr. Waterhouse's great Town Hall presented a dignified group, suggesting the magnificent municipal structures of the towns of the Low Countries. In this light also the Irwell reflected the clear sky, and the pollution of its waters was invisible. It happened to be a holiday, and the crowds of people and vehicles added life and gaiety to the scene.

Of course, when one walks about the town it is impossible to ignore the fact that the by-streets and, for that matter, even some of the leading thoroughfares, are dingy and squalid; one cannot help suggesting that much might be done towards rectifying this with a very simple expedient—that of whitewashing the houses of the poorer classes all over. This is frequently done in Continental towns, and the advantages are very numerous. In the first place, it adds greatly to the light both inside and outside the houses; in the second place, it is most valuable from a sanitary point of view; and, in the third place, it is the cheapest way of keeping the houses clean. Unfortunately, a very foolish prejudice against whitewash has obtained in England during the last half century; but because churchwardens during the eighteenth century choked up the carvings and obliterated the decorations of ancient cathedrals and churches by its too frequent use, that is no reason why whitewash should be altogether condemned as being vile and inartistic, and, under any circumstances, it is far preferable to the hideous browns, drabs, and damson-jam colours with which nowadays Englishmen are so fond of painting the outside of their houses. What can be more cheerful than the general aspect of the whitewashed towns of France and Italy? and what can be more lugubrious than the brown and drab coloured streets of our own towns? The late David Roberts told the writer that he delighted in "a bit of whitewash," for nothing painted so well as a

whitewashed building, and those who know his pictures of the interiors of the great Belgian churches, with their lofty whitewashed walls, can easily understand his enthusiasm for it. Now do not let it be supposed for one moment that in suggesting the whitewashing the back streets of Manchester and other English towns we claim any originality, or are proposing a modern barbarous inartistic treatment; so far from this being the case, in the very best period of the Middle Ages, to which we are accustomed to look for guidance in architectural matters, London was called the "White City" because its houses were periodically whitewashed, and one of the earliest Abbots of St. Albans wrote a letter to Rome in which he boasts that he had whitewashed the Abbey church within and without, "so that it looked as if it were hewn out of one piece!" In many of the modern buildings of Manchester use has been made of valuable marbles and granites; and where the material is sufficiently hard to retain its high polish this is to be commended; but such costly material can of necessity only be used in public buildings, or in private ones over which a great outlay is expended. In the ordinary houses, especially in the poorer parts of a town, such treatment is impossible, yet how much of the architectural character and general aspect of a town depend upon its habitations, especially where magnificent ecclesiastical edifices are wanting? and certainly Manchester is singularly poor in this respect. We do not, of course, refer to the suburbs, where, for instance, as at Pendlebury, a magnificent new church has been erected by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, but in the town itself. Apart from the ancient cathedral, we were only able to discover three really striking churches—the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. John, a fine cruciform structure, with a noble centre spire by the late Mr. Hadfield of Sheffield; the Church of St. Mary, Moss Lane, by Crowther; and the vast but not altogether pleasing Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Name, near Owens College. We do not say, of course, that there are no other modern churches of architectural merit in Manchester, but they are not sufficiently imposing, either by their position or their dimensions, to have much effect upon the district in which they stand. The ecclesiastical authorities, by the way, should note the terribly neglected condition of St. Mary's Church. This church, which has a very striking tower by Gibbs, formerly possessed a lofty spire which was one of the greatest ornaments of Manchester; this spire was taken down about a quarter of a century back, and not rebuilt, as it certainly ought to have been, and now the large church is closed and disused, its windows smashed, the railings of its churchyard broken down, and the whole in a deplorable state of ruin and decay. It is very unedifying to find the second church in Manchester in such a condition. If there are no funds available, the descendants of those who are buried in the church and churchyard would surely, if applied to, subscribe sufficient money to put an end to a state of things which is a scandal to a great and wealthy city, and we feel sure that attention has only to be drawn to the matter, in order to induce the citizens of Manchester to exercise their usual munificence, and we trust that before long Gibbs's spire will be rebuilt, and the whole building put into a decent state of repair.

Very little remains of the ancient secular and domestic architecture of Manchester; but the old College, a charming fifteenth-century building, is well preserved and carefully kept. Two or three black-and-white timber houses in the neighbourhood of Longhill Gate, and the old ruins called the "Seven Stars" and the "Rover's Return" are quaint relics of mediæval Manchester.—Our view is taken from a point over the Exchange Station. H. W. B.



MESSRS. BEAL AND CO.—A song which will produce a favourable impression wherever it is well sung is "Some Day, But Not Yet," words by Miss Hassell, music by Walter Wesche.—A pleasing love-song is "Thou Art Dear Unto Me," written and composed by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald and L. Barone.—Of the same tender type is a pleasing ballad, "My Soul to Heaven, My Heart to Thee," written and composed by M. Piccolomini; for this song a long career may be expected.—"The Silver Falls" is a pretty song in waltz time; the words by Cuthbert Franklin are poetical, the music is by H. Elliott Lath, who was evidently haunted by "Love's Golden Dream," to which melody it bears a marked resemblance.—Arthur Thompson M'Evoys has composed music for three fairly good songs, of which "The Mess-Mate's Story" for a baritone, words by W. A. P. Montgomery, is the best; next in merit is "The Old Pensioners," words by Walter Brown; "Sweet Blissful Days," written by W. Lestocq, is a ballad of a very ordinary type.—For young students of the violin "Early Blossoms," six easy pieces by Carl Volti, will prove very satisfactory. "Valse," "Polka," and "Schottische" are in the first position only, whilst "Mazurka," "Tarantella," and "Galop" are in the first and third position.—By the above-named composers are "Modern Gems," arranged for the violin with easy accompaniments. To judge by the example before us, "Ring o' Bells," by Michael Watson (No. 10), this series will prove very useful in the schoolroom. For the pianoforte "Souvenirs Patriotes," "morceaux caractéristiques et instructifs," by Leonard Gautier, are well adapted for after-dinner execution. "Londres" (No. 1) is a cheerful *danse Anglaise* of the gavotte type; "Berlin" (No. 2) is a *marche militaire*, spirited and tuneful; a dreamy barcarole represents "Venice" (No. 3); "Versailles" (No. 4) is a dainty gavotte; "Madrid" (No. 5), a characteristic bolero; "Naples" (No. 6), a sprightly tarantella; "Edimbourg" (No. 7), an Ecossaise; "Dublin" (No. 8), *gigue Irlandaise*, a marked contrast to which is "Rome" (No. 9), a *marche solennelle*; "Vienne" (No. 10) is a commonplace valse. "Constantinople" (No. 11) Marche Turque, and "St. Petersbourg" (No. 12) mazurka are the least satisfactory of the group.—By the above-named composer are "Pavonia," a schottische, and "Sans Pareil," an intermezzo, neither of which rise above mediocrity.—"Two Sonatinas" for the pianoforte, by Adolf Roloff, are well worthy the attention of teachers of the young, as calculated to encourage a taste for classical music.—By Carl Hemann are three pieces for the pianoforte which will please a mixed audience. They are "Pearly Showers," *valse de salon*; "The Water Mill" (best of the three), a *galop de salon*; and "Victoria," a march.—Of the same useful, but ephemeral, type are "Première Valse de Concert," by Graham P. Moore; "Au Sécuris," quick-step march by Willem Vandervell; and "Babina," a *morceau à la Styrienne*, by A. T. M'Evoys.—From a dozen "Rustic Sketches," a series of easy pieces for the pianoforte, by Carl Hemann, may be selected something to please the taste of our juvenile players who have just achieved the five-finger exercises.—A very gorgeous frontispiece attracts attention to the "Fairy Queen Vocal Waltz," by Louis F. Godard, who is not found at his best in the feeble music.—"La Vestale Waltz," by Leonard Gautier, is danceable, but wanting in originality.

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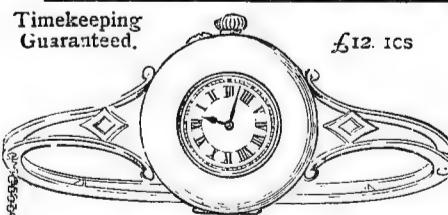
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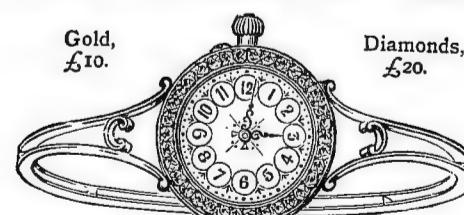
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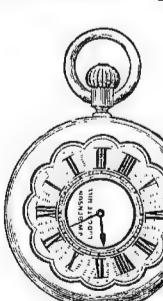
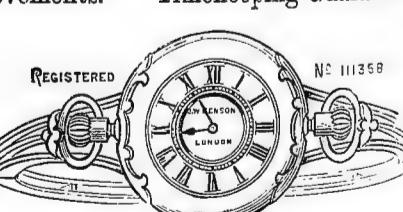
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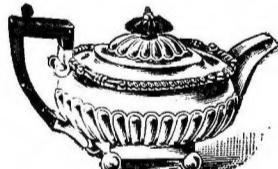


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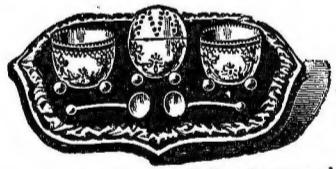
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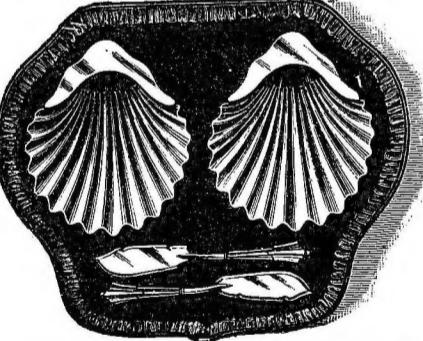
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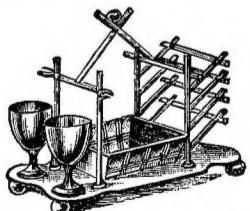
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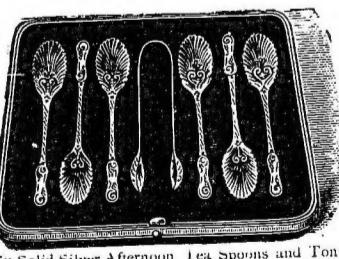
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**THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.** — Mr. Davitt concluded his address on Thursday last week, when Sir Henry James began a long, elaborate, and able reply for the *Times*, which was continued on the Friday, and on Tuesday and Wednesday this week. Carefully analysing and copiously citing the evidence given, especially by the witnesses for the defence, Sir Henry sought to prove that the Land League was founded by professed Fenians such as Michael Davitt and that the conduct of it as a so-called Constitutional organisation was a mere blind to deceive the public and weak brethren who might have been frightened by a disclosure of its real and revolutionary aims. This week, Sir Henry James dwelt very fully on the connection between the heads of the Land League and their allies, the Irish-American advocates of physical force, as well as on some of the details of Mr. Parnell's visit to the United States. He pointed the attention of the Court to Mr. Parnell's admission, that at a public meeting at Troy he was present when a man offered as his subscription to the Land League Fund "five dollars for bread and twenty dollars for lead," an offer cheered by the meeting at the time, and quoted *verbatim* at a subsequent meeting, amid loud applause, by Mr. Parnell himself.

AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST on Wednesday, on the body of Mr. Ernest Weldon, exhumed under circumstances previously detailed in this column, the jury, after hearing the evidence of his medical attendants, with that of Dr. Stevenson, chemical analyst to the Home Office, who found no trace of poison in the organs, returned a verdict of death from natural causes through exhaustion.

A HUSBAND, wife, and son had taken tickets at a station of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, the booking-office being on the platform opposite to that from which they were to start. The station-master warned them not to cross the line until the express had passed. As it happened, a few minutes afterwards an express train did pass; but it was not the usual one, and had not been advertised in the time-tables. After waiting some minutes longer the party saw another train approaching, and, thinking it to be theirs, they proceeded to cross the line. It was, however, the normal express, and while crossing the wife was killed. The station-master was at this time in the booking-office, and there was no porter on the platform to warn the passengers. The husband having brought an action for damages against the company, the jury gave him a verdict, which, however, was reversed by the Divisional Court. The plaintiff appealing, the Court of Appeal have sustained the verdict of the jury, who, the Master of the Rolls was of opinion, were entitled to say that the station-master having gone into his room without telling the passengers that the train which had passed was not that respecting which he had warned them, he had not taken reasonable care for the safety of the passengers. The evidence proved that if the train which killed the plaintiff's wife had been in the stopping train, the whole party might have crossed the line in safety.

IN THE CASE OF A TRACTION ENGINE UPON A HIGHWAY, the Court of Appeal have distinctly affirmed the law to be—that the public are not generally aware of it—that, even if all the statutory requirements have been complied with, the owner is liable for

injury caused by it where it can be legitimately considered a nuisance—that is, when it is calculated to frighten horses of ordinary nerve and courage.

**MISCELLANEOUS.** — Mr. Justice Hawkins, in refusing an application to be discharged from a gentleman who, having been summoned as a juror, had attended several days in Court, and whose employers required his services, said that he must act on the law as it is, but thought that the jury law ought to be amended, so as to exempt a great many persons now compelled to serve.—The Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved have annulled the curious rule of law, established a good many years ago, that a person who puts with a felonious intention his hand into another person's empty pocket cannot be criminally convicted, because as there was nothing to steal no theft could have been committed.—A little girl of only thirteen, respectably dressed, and said to belong to respectable parents, was charged at the Dalston Police-court with picking pockets in a Congregational Church on Sunday night. Robberies of the same kind had been frequent, and her movements at the close of the service aroused suspicion. A purse with a florin in it was found at her feet, and there being no evidence beyond her own statement that it belonged to her, the magistrate refused bail, and remanded her for a week.



**THE TURF.** — There was plenty of racing at the end of last week, but little which calls for particular mention. T. Loates added three wins to his score at Lewes, including a victory upon Mr. Maple's Rosine in the Nursery Handicap. Old Laczem won the Castle Plate, but did not fetch the 50/- at which he was entered to be sold. Racing at Lincoln began this week on Monday, when the principal event was the Great Tom Stakes, which fell to the favourite, Jack Frost. The little-fancied Quakeress won the Yarborough Plate, St. Symphorian and Noble Chieftain finding the weight a little too much for them, and Mr. Maple scored again with Scotia in the Brownlow Nursery Plate. In the Lincoln Autumn Handicap next day, Jack Frost failed to repeat his success, and Mr. Vyner's Fallow Chat was the winner. Wild Berry won the Blankney Nursery Handicap, and Roberto the Welbeck Stakes.

All who love a good horse will be glad to know that Ormonde has survived the Atlantic tossings, and arrived safely at Buenos Ayres.—The Jockey Club have decided to institute a thorough reform in the system of handicapping—with a view, we presume, of preventing any more Primrose Day businesses.—Lord Falmouth was still very ill when we went to press.—W. Wood, the jockey, has been in Fortune's bad books lately. He was twice heavily thrown in one race at Leopardstown, and, having recovered sufficiently to ride at Lincoln, was on Tuesday reprimanded for disobedience at the post.

**FOOTBALL.** — Preston North End broke their recent spell of bad luck (of bad play, we should rather say, perhaps, for it is said that some of the North Enders have thought it unnecessary to go into training this year) by gaining a narrow victory over Blackburn Rovers in a League match, and by defeating Rotherham and Sheffield United, albeit with difficulty, in ordinary fixtures. The only other important League match was that in which Aston Villa beat Wolverhampton Wanderers. The second round of the London Senior Cup was

decided on Saturday. Casuals beat Chiswick Park, London Caledonians smashed Old Harrovians, and the United Hospitals succumbed to Old St. Paul's.—Rugbywise, the event of the day was the meeting of Blackheath and London Scottish. Last year, the Scotchmen were almost invincible, but on this occasion Blackheath, playing with extraordinary dash, piled on goal after goal, and eventually won by four goals and a try to *nil*. Richmond journeying to Bradford fared no better than the other Southern teams, and were defeated by a goal to a try. Oxford beat the R.I.E. College, Cooper's Hill, and Cambridge the Old Leysians, who afterwards, with a weaker team, succumbed to the Leys School. The Midland Counties, last week, beat a moderate team of London.

**BILLIARDS.** — Dowland, who is playing exceedingly well this season, made a remarkable number of long breaks in his matches with Cook last week, and won them both with something in hand.—At the Aquarium this week, the contestants are Taylor and North; while at the Egyptian Hall, M'Neill furnishes the Champion's weekly sacrifice.—Fred White has challenged the world, barring Roberts, Peall, and Mitchell, for an all-in match.

**MISCELLANEOUS.** — Mr. Boyle has apologised to the Cricket County Council for not consulting them as to next year's Australian visit, and has forwarded the proposed list of matches. The Hon. Ivo Bligh states that it does not square with the notions of Kent, for one, so it cannot be considered as finally decided.—George Bubar, who is going to Australia shortly, has issued a challenge to all "English oarsmen." Alas! where are they? Stansbury, the Australian sculler, has been bolder, and addressed his challenge to the world at large.—The Freshmen's Sports at Cambridge brought to light some promising performers, especially in the Weight, which J. C. Meiggs, Trinity Hall, "put" 34 ft. 4½ in., while H. Le Fleming in the High Jump cleared 5 ft. 8½ in.

**THE ISSUE OF ONE POUND NOTES** is being considered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, according to rumour.

**THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING EMIN PASHA AND MR. STANLEY** during the last few months has at last been partially dispelled by an important despatch from the British explorer. Emin Pasha has been forced to abandon his post by treachery. The troops in the Equatorial Province revolted during the summer of 1888 at the approach of the Mahdists, joined the invaders, and made Emin Pasha prisoner, together with Mr. Jephson, one of the Stanley Expedition. Most of the natives united with the rebels; but a few remained faithful, and considerable warfare ensued, so that Emin sent urgent messages to Mr. Stanley to come to his relief. Mr. Stanley accordingly returned to the Albert Nyanza last January, and by May the prisoners had escaped, and were moving homeward with Mr. Stanley and his followers, besides some 800 natives. Their progress appears to have been delayed through numerous fights with the natives; but they may be expected within this month at Mpwapwa, and at Zanzibar early next year. Provisions have been sent up to meet the explorers at Mpwapwa, where Captain Wissmann has left a military detachment to greet them, having himself hurried down to the coast with the mail directly after he met Stanley's messengers. Wadelai remains in the hands of the Mahdists, and it is now certain that the message was correct which Osman Digna sent General Grenfell during the late Soudan campaign, relating the capture of Emin and a "traveller"—i.e., Mr. Jephson. Mr. Stanley also describes the discovery of a new lake, the Nyanza of Usongora, or Southern Nyanza, now re-named Albert Edward Nyanza, as the source of the south-west branch of the White Nile, the south-east stream flowing from the Victoria Nyanza.

# NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"WHO BEST CAN SUFFER BEST CAN DO."—Milton.

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!

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THE QUEEN'S PRIZE!

The Conditions laid down by the QUEEN for the Prize given by HER MAJESTY to the Marine Boys are these:—

Cheerful Submission to Superiors; Self-respect and Independence of Character; Kindness and Protection to the Weak; Readiness to Forgive Offence; a Desire to Conciliate the Differences of others; and, above all, Fearless Devotion to Duty and Unflinching Truthfulness.

"Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character IN EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE."—SMILES.



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THE PIVOT OF DUTY—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM.

What Higher Duty can Man attain, than Conquest over Human Pain?

**IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents and cures fevers, acute inflammatory diseases, and removes the injurious effects of sugar, acidulated sherbet (masked with sugar), stimulants, narcotics such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

**SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.**—"Dear Sir,—Having taken your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it right to tell you I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures. I am never without a bottle of it in the house. It possesses three most desirable qualities—pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects."—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.

"January 25th, 1889."

**THE GREAT DANGER OF POISONOUS ANILINE DYES, SUGAR, PINK OR CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET.**

Experience shows that sugar, aniline dyes, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherrries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandy are all very apt to disagree, while light white wines and gin, or old whiskey, largely diluted with seltzer water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

**A MAHOMMEDAN MUNCHI DURING THE GREAT MOHURRAM FESTIVAL and "ENO'S FRUIT SALT."**

"Station Staff Office, Surat, October 3 1889.—Sir,—It may interest you to know the effect of your Enos' 'Fruit Salt' on a Munchi in this city. He had never heard of it, and was complaining of pains in the head from effects of over-eating at the 'Mohurram Festival,' so I told him to take a bottle from me, and he did. The day after his pains were gone, and he had given the whole bottle to his family, who said they felt different people. He now swears by it, and has advised all the other Mahomedans in this city to take it, AND THEY HAVE ACTUALLY TAKEN TO IT as a usual thing now. He is so pleased with it that he takes about half a bottle a week.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

"A LIEUTENANT."

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**—Sterling Honesty of Purpose, without it Life is a Sham.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

**CAUTION.**—Examine each Bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally a Poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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## DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS.

Reprinted from "THE FAMILY DOCTOR."

IT is extraordinary how many men suffer nowadays both in mind and body from a multitude of ailments resulting simply from weak nerves, consequent upon overwork, worry, and other debilitating causes. Doctors have tried for years past, and are still trying, to find some drug which will cure the distressing symptoms of nervous exhaustion, but the best they have been able to do in this direction up to the present is to afford slight temporary relief in some simple forms of the disease. The consulting Physician and Electrician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital has, we are glad to say, made a move in the right direction. After finding that physic is practically useless for the relief of nervous sufferers, he writes :—

"There is no doubt that Electricity is one of the most powerful nerve tonics we possess. No agent so quickly restores the depressed condition of the system resulting from illness. In all states of nervous depression, as from long mental strain or overtaxed bodily powers, general galvanism has proved a refreshing and most invigorating tonic."

"The next point therefore to be considered is as to the best method of applying these galvanic currents to the system pleasantly without any discomfort, and for this purpose we cannot do better than strongly recommend all nervous sufferers to wear one of Harness' Electropathic Belts."

They have stood the test of nearly twenty-five years, have restored thousands of sufferers to health and vigour, are guaranteed to be perfectly genuine, and are constructed on sound scientific principles. The Medical Battery Co., Limited, are the sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of this now world-famed curative appliance, and should any of our readers still have the least doubt as to its bona fide character, they are invited to call at the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford St., London, W. (at the corner of Rathbone Place), where they can see the Electropathic Belts scientifically tested, and can personally examine the thousands of unsolicited testimonials, and Press reports that have been received from all parts of the world. Sufferers from Nervous or Rheumatic Affections, Liver or Kidney Diseases, &c., who are unable to call, and who desire further particulars regarding the curative powers of Harness' Electropathic Belt, should send at once for Descriptive Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials, which will be forwarded to any address free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, President of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford Street, W. The Consulting Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electrician, Electric Masseurs, and other officers are in daily attendance, and may be consulted free of charge, either personally or by letter. We may add that all communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential.

## A BARRISTER'S OPINION

Of Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belt and Treatment.

F. ARTHUR SIBLY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab.), writing from Haywardsfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says :—

"DEAR SIR,—I have only been waiting until my complete recovery to give a testimony to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. When I first consulted you, three years ago, I had almost resigned hope of being anything but a complete invalid all my life. At that time my vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. From the time I put myself into your hands my improvement was rapid. I have now regained all the vigour, both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health.—Yours faithfully,

"F. ARTHUR SIBLY, M.A., LL.M.

To C. B. HARNES, Esq., the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W."

EVERY MAN and WOMAN in SEARCH of HEALTH and STRENGTH, and sufferers from any Disorder of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys, should procure at once one of

# Harness' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS

*They weigh only a few ounces, are very comfortable to wear, and impart Strength and Vitality to every nerve and muscle of the body.*

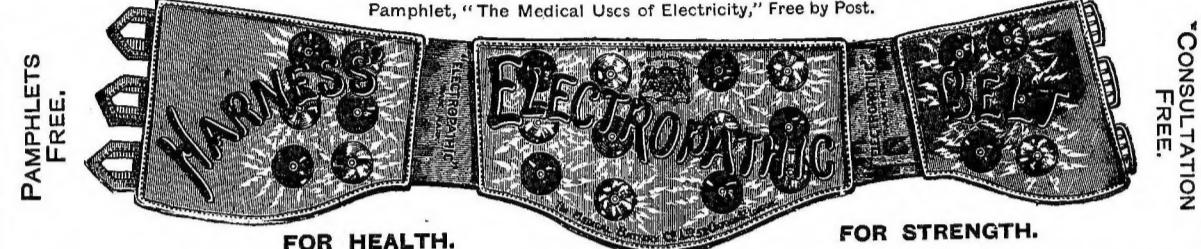
Dr. ANDREW WILSON, in an article published in "HEALTH," writes :—THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S Belt has been frequently recommended as a genuine electrical appliance which the public may purchase with safety and satisfaction. In these days of electrical quackery it is highly satisfactory to find such an enterprise for the development of electrical manufacture on a large scale so successfully carried out at their commodious premises (52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.)

## THE WEAK AND LANQUID FEELINGS AND EXCESSIVE FATIGUE

which makes life a burden to so many men and women of all ages, yield like magic to the invigorating, exhilarating properties of mild galvanic currents generated without any shock or discomfort whatever by simply wearing

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"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," Sept. 8, 1888.—"The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness and the elaborate and beautifully fitted operating and consulting rooms at the Company's extensive Electropathic and Zander Institute at the corner of Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, are indeed a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of medical electricity, and this magnificent building is now one of the most interesting sights in London. We would advise visitors from the country, and others to call and personally inspect the premises, and have the various electropathic appliances and electric batteries explained to them."



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The following are brief extracts from the Thousands of Testimonials received from all classes of society. Our readers are cordially invited to call and see the originals at the Company's only Address—The Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.

WEAKNESS.—WILLIAM SHIMMIN, Esq., "Goth Street, Liverpool, writes, December 3rd, 1888:—"Since wearing your Electropathic appliance my health has greatly improved. I am much better and stronger than I have felt for years."

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND PALPITATION.—HENRY GARDNER, Esq., Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury, writes, March 9th, 1889:—"The Electropathic Belt which I had on February 19th has done me an immense deal of good. I enjoy better health now than I have done for the last twelve years."

\* MR. C. B. HARNES, the President of the Company, attends daily, together with their Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electricians, and other Officers. Consultation Free of Charge, personally or by letter, on all matters relating to Health and the Application of Curative Electricity.

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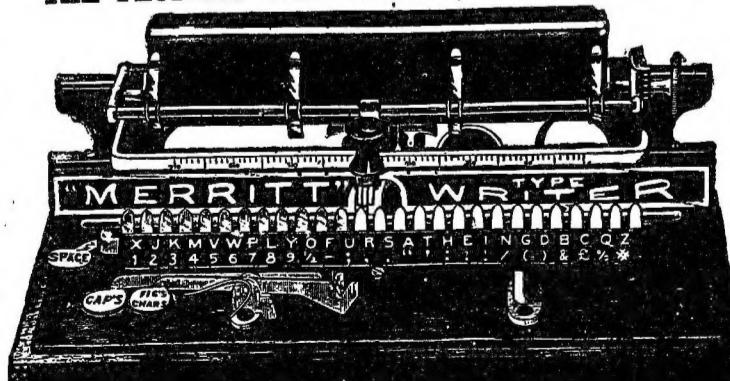
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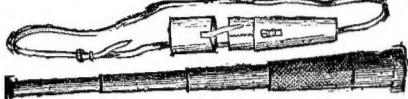
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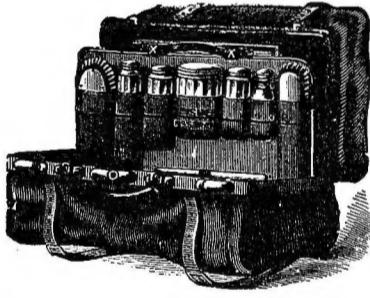
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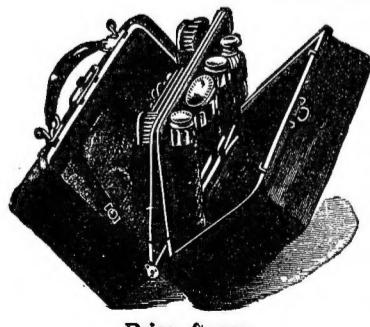
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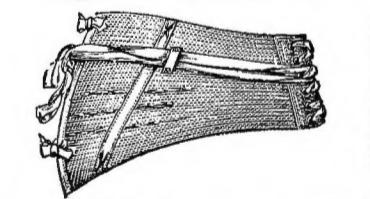
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